INNOCENCY ACKNOWLEDG'D IN The Life and Death OF S. GENOVEFA COVNTESSE PALATIN OF *TREVERS.*

Translated into English.

AT GAVNT:

Printed by Iohn vanden Kerchoue, at the ſigne of the crowned Sword. 1645.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO MY EVER HONOVRED AND DEARE MOTHER THE LADY TASBVRGH.

MADAME:

What you were pleas'd to taſt in ſcatte-red papers, j heere make bold to preſent you in one ſmall Volume. I confeſſe the ſtory (as it is dreſs'd and trim'd in the french faſsion) to

be very pretty, but how it may appeare in English garments (and those poore and pittifull like the times) j know not. I humbly addresse it to yourlad: for many reasons: first becausse tis fitt the lesser streames returne à gratefull tribute to the fountaine; secondly becausse my incapacity and want of talent will be sooner pardoned by you, as being too well acquainted with my weakneſse; thirdly becausse hauing bin allwayes heertofore on the taking hand with you, j was ambitious now in theſse hard times to preſent you ſomething proportionable to the slender ſtore of my poſſeſſions.

Heerupon

Heerupon j haue humbly entreated the glorious S. GENOVEFA *(whoſe humility might be putt in ballance with her innocency) to diſcourſe with you in our language, and j am confident her Trucheman is in fault if you be not rauisht with her conuerſation. Shee will tell you of her innumerable afflictions, and yett j feare you will diſcouer by her countenance that shee ſuffers more in my translation, then shee did in her ſeauen yeares ſolitude. But my comfort is that in this particular j shall haue the honour to ſuffer with her, though in à different manner, becauſe shee as injured, and j onely as*

guilty. VVhen j come to the barr, j humbly begg of yourlad : to informe the reſt of my Iudges (too many j feare) that my faults are the more pardonable in regard j neuer intended they should appeare in publike. I onely thought to communicate this ſtorie to yourſelfe, and ſome priuate freinds, nor should euer haue dared to vſher ſoe great à Princeſſe, ſo faire à lady, and ſo glorious à Saint into England by my hand, but that obedience to your commands was warrant to my preſumption.

MADAME, Th' impartiall world muſt needs admitt this plea, and conſequently can (att worſt) but ſen-

tence

tence mee for an ouer-haſty obedience, which is à crime j was euer in loue with. VVell may j confeſse it, but j shall neuer repent it j'm confident. If this little worke may prooue à pleasing diuertiſment to you, j haue my ends, for your contentment was the reall Butt of my deſſigne in this tranſlation, as it euer hath, and shall be of my desires. In all humility j begg of yourlad: to accept this poore Eſſay, which j will pardon for diſcouering my defects, in regard it doth alſoe teſtifie that j am

MADAME

Your moſt dutifull
Sonne I. T.

The Tranſlatour
TO THE
READER.

GIue mee leaue (worthy Reader) to aduertize you of ſome few particulars, firſt in the Authours, then in my owne behalfe. Ther are two bleſſed Saints bearing the ſame name of GENOVEFA; the one à Virgin and Martyr, famous for her life, Death, and Miracles in France, and is the Patroneſſe of Paris: The other is the ſubject of this diſcourſe, and you will find her to haue bin à Princeſſe of Brabant, and marryed to the mighty Palatin of Trevers. My Authour deſires you not to ſtumble in the beginning att th'improbability of the ſtory, nor to apprehend th'effects of an infinite Prouidence for meere fables, aſſuring you that Raderus, Erricus Puteanus, and many other graue Authours doe warrant the cheife circumſtances. Ney he promiſeth to shew in an other treatiſe,

treatiſe, which he is preparing that ther is no one thing in this little booke, which is not certaine, and authenticall. If you find it in the beginning (for ther's my greateſt feare) either obſcure, or teadious, or impertinent; j hope the Tranſlatour will find pardon, in regard his fault will onely appeare to have too ſtrictly obſeru'd his Authour. Tis lykely many expreſſions will ſeeme new, if not worſe, but my Authour is à Frenchman, the difference of whoſe ſtile and genius from an English-mans is to be allowed. Ther are many abſurd faults in the Orthography, but it being printed by à ſtranger to our language, j muſt rather begg your patience, then your pardon for him.

Now for myſelfe, doe mee that right (j beſeech you) as to beleeue, j was puſcht vpon the worke partly by à deuout Mother (whoſe cõmands j could not diſobey) partly by my noble freind (Sir Ed: S.) whoſe deſires j could not fruſtrate. You ſee Duty and Gratitude haue made mee ſtriue beyond my ſtrenkth, in vndertaking à worke fitter for

for à more graue pen and à maturer judgment, then j am guilty of: yett hold, doe not censure, for my two valjant champions (Duty and Gratitude) will defend mee. If you chance to like it, thanke not mee, but my euer honoured freind Sir G. W. whose noble desire of presenting this admirable Saint, this rare patterne of pure innocency to the publike view, hath made him print it att his owne expences, in which dessigne his liberall charity no lesse challengeth your acknowledgments, then his remarkable piety doth your commendations. You (faire Ladyes) especially ought to honnour him, since he hath not onely presented you à fitt and profitable diuertisment, but likewayes published the choisest vertues of your sex. A larger discourse would be impertinent, wherfore j leaue you to the blessed Princesse, whose birth will challenge your respect, whose beauty your entertainment, and whose vertues your immitation.

INNOCENCY ACKNOWLEDGED.

IN one of the Gallo-Belgicque Provinces (which was sometimes the Country of the Tongrians) about the time that the glorie of great Clouis began to wax dimme, and the progenie of that Lion to degenerate into leſſe noble creatures, ther was borne à daughter of the moſt illuſtrious Family of the Princes of Brabant.

A No

No ſooner did this little Creature behold the firſt beames of light, but her parents gaue her à ſecond birth, which rendred her à child of Heauen, from whence ſhee receiued the faire Name of GENOVEFA. My deſſigne is not to deſcribe the great vertues of this little Princeſſe, nor to expoſe the graces ſhee poſſeſsed euen in her cradle. No man can looke vpon the ſumme of her perfections, and be ignorant of the foundations of her piety. Her Father and Mother called her vſually their Angell, in which verely they were not deceued, ſuch being her purity,

ſuch

ſuch her innocency. Shee differed in this onely from thoſe Divine ſpiritts, that they encline men to good by hidden and inviſible motions, and shee by her example no leſſe forcible. As Angells haue their attractiue charmes, ſo were the inchanting graces of *Genouefa*, too powerfull to be auoided. One could not bee ignorãt of her deuotion, but by being inſenſible, and indeed to one that had but ſeene her, onely reaſon was ſufficient motiue to leaue ſinning. Wee muſt not immagine her thoughts were buſied in the ordinarie amuſements of infancy. The care of

her deuotion was accompanied with nothing els but the ſtuddy how to cherish and augment it. The ſweeteſt pleaſure shee was tempted with, was onely the love of ſolitude; which inclination furnished her with à little hermitage in the corner of à Garden, wher nature ſeemed to favour her deſigne by producing à number of trees, whoſe pleaſant shades permitted not euen the Sun to prie into the miſteries of her deuotion. T'was ther shee erected her little Alters of moſſe and boughs, and ſpent the greateſt part of the day; the recreations of her play-fellowes being inca-

incapable to make her retire from ſo ſweet an entertainment. When her Mother aduiſed her to more ſerious thoughts, shee modeſtly anſwered that hers regarded the faireſt and greateſt of all obiects : neuertheleſſe that all her deſſignes were in the compaſſe of her obedience, and that shee would readily apply her whole ſelfe to the performance of any thing commanded : but if her owne inclinations might bee permitted to make choiſe of her cõdition, shee should not find any chance of life more pleaſing, thẽ that which had brought ſoe many great and famous perſons in-

to ſolitude, and which had made à deſert euẽ of halfe the world.

Tis the place (ſaid shee) in which Kings, Princes, and Empereſſes doe ſeeke the paths and footſtepps of our Saviour. Tis the place wher S. Iohn preſerued the innocency of his actions. Tis the Sanctuary of poore vertue, whoſe ſecurity is greater amoungſt ſauage beaſts, then in townes, wher the cruelty of other creatures is too preualent. Tis in à word the place wher j fancy to my ſelfe à perfect quiete, and wher j may happily find contentment, if you pleaſe that my ſearch and your leaue may goe together. I ſpeak not this as if j were indiſpoſed to follow all the motions of your wil; but indeed ſince liberty of free thoughts is giuen mee, j beleeued (and that with Reaſon) to offend you more by diſſembling my vocation, then by hauing one contrarie to yours.

Ah

Ah *Genouefa*, you little know from whence your inclination comes, and why Heauen hath giuen it you. The day will come when you shall follow the example of that incomparable Pœnitent, to whom Ægipt gaue her name, allthough her debauches ought not to be the ſubject of your immitation. You will then acknowledge the Prouidence of God, that diſpoſeth of vs through wayes obſcure and hidden to all others but himſelfe, and leadeth vs to the point of felicity, by that, which in all likelihood should caſt vs into the pitt of miſery.

God hath bin accouſtumed to

giue vs from our birth certaine quallities that frame our fortunes, and ſeeme to order our whole life. Thoſe children amongſt the Lacedæmonians that were borne with the marke of à lance in their hand, and thoſe whom Nature had marked with the ſigne of à ſword in their arme did allwayes carry about them the knowledge of their owne deſtinies. The great Archbishop of Milan in his childhood vſed to play the Prelate, giuing his benediction to his play fellowes and impoſing hands vpon them, as if hee had allready bin what afterwaerds hee arriued to. All that

obſerued

obſerued the deuotions of our litle virgine, did not penetrate into the deſleignes of God, nor diſcerned that in her, which was onely viſible à long time after. Lett vs leaue theſe petty deuotions to the knowledge of him who poiſeth their valew, and recompenceth the merit of them. Lett vs obſerue thoſe noble actions, which appeare by their owne light and glory, and which are the viſible teſtimonies of God-Allmightys care in watching ouer the ſafety of vs poore Mortalls. If j attempt to deſcribe the perfections of this great Saint, j am no more obliged to touch eue-

ry particular, then they (who will take boate for pleaſure) are neceſſitated to launce from the Rivers head and fountaine.

Behold mee ther fore ſpedily aduanced into the ſeauentienth yeare of our *Genonefa*: but who can delineate all the vertues of her ſoule, or the faire features of her body. An other pen would tell you that Nature had but made ſome ſlight experiments in beautifijng al others, that in her alone shee might expoſe her maiſter-peece of power and induſtry. And to ſpeake the truth Nature was engaged to make her perfect, for to ſee a faire ſoule in the

the poſſeſſion of an ill favored body, is as ill-becomming, as to ſee a Diamant in the dirt, or à Prince full of Majeſty in an humble cortage or darke priſon. All j will ſpeake of her beauty is that it needed no addition: shee had no other vermilion but what à noble Modeſty painted on her cheekes; no white but that of her innocency, noe parfume but that of à good life. Ther were noe ruines in her face that needed reparation; no blacke to be couloured with white; no ill-ſmells to be reſtrained with muſke ad ſweet powders. All her graces vvere her ovvne, none borro-

vved;

vved; vvhich is not ſeene in other maids, vvho on the contrary vvãting ſufficient charmes to comand affection, haue recours vnto Marchands shopps (as vnto the Naturall magicke) vvher they purchace vvhat Nature refuſed to giue them, and compoſe their ovvne beauties in ſpight of her disfauour. But indeed beauty ſo gott is not durable, and att beſt they reſſemble onely ſuch flovvers as are but painted, not naturall. Moreouer albeit our *Genouefa* employed but little ſtudy in preſeruing her perfections, yett shee had graces anough to purchace her euen many Idolaters, eſpe-

eſpecially if shee had contributed any thing to the misfortune of ſoules, by expoſing too liberally her perſone to vievv of men. But shee vvell knovving that pearles and gold are no ſooner viſible but they become à prey; appeared but ſeldome out of her châber, and then onely like lightning through à cloud, as Neceſſity or conueniency did require. Maids thinke they shall neuer be vvooed vnleſſe they begin firſt, by expoſing all their beanty to the blind eyes of men: but this falſe opinion doth ordinarily betray their happineſſe, for by appearing too often they are eſteemed comon

and

and the liberty which they giue themselues by searching all sortes of recreations, doth occasion à vvell setled judgement to stile them Ladies of Pleasure. The sun is onely adored, vvher it is seene but once à yeare, and really if vvomen vvould but à little restraine their persõnes, wee should see the age of profane Deities renued in our time, and Paris the God of sheapheards would be as much adored by vs, as he was heertofore by the ancient Idolaters.

I haue tould you what art our innocent maid made vse of to attract them, whose selfe-conceipt

ceipt was sufficiently great to make them hope à place in her good opinion. And amongst soe many pretenders SIFRID came not in the last ranke, nor was hee lesse fortunate, since hee alone gained what the rest were soe ambitious of. I need not tell you he was one of the most powerfull Palatines of Treuers; you may guesse his quallity by knowing he had à hart bigg anough to meditate an alliance with à Soueraine family. This young Lord informed by Fame of the perfections of that faire Princesse, desired nevertheless to creditt his owne eyes, rather then the cõmon voice:

ce: wherfore hee is now on his journey with ſoe magnificent an equipage that his Riualls haue not the vaine hopes left them of making compariſons. Being arriued he went to doe his reſpects to the Prince and Princeſſe, vvho permitted him to ſalute our *Genouefa*, to vvhom he profered all the ſeruices, that one could expect from an vnfeigned affection; after he had ſeene her, he confeſſed the Poetts had not giuẽ toungues anough to fame, vvhich (for the compleat publishing of her perfectious) needed more then one Trompett. But being returned from this rauishing Object, how

how did hee behaue himſelfe? His fidelity and diſcretion gaue him hopes that his loue would ſucceed proſperouſly, yett his owne little meritt, and too great ambition made him fearefull, and he was alſoe apprehenſiue that his miſtreſſe might prooue as coy, as shee appeared beautifull.

But his mind continued not long in this errour, for by that time hee had addreſſed himſelfe twice to her, shee appeared to him ſoe ſweet, ſoe modeſt, that his paſſion (before free and voluntary) became now tied and neceſſary: and he endeauoured to expreſſe it by his ſighes, not da-

ring to declare it by diſcours leaſt his reall and vnfeigned reſcentments might bee apprehended for idle and fond fancyes. Alſoe he obſerued that the word Marriage neuer ſlipt his mouth, but ſtraight à noble shamefaſtneſſe poſſeſsed the countenance of *Genouefa*, and added beauty to it. He was ſoe carefull not to vtter an vnbecomming word, that he was euen fearefull to ſpeake att all. Whileſt he remained in this apprehenſion hee went to viſitt the Prince and Princeſſe, to whom he diſcouered the deſſeigne of his journey in theſe few wordes.

Sir

Sir, if you be as fauorable to my deſſignes, as your clemency bids me hope you are; j aſſure myſelfe (though as yett ignorant of my good or bad fortune) j shall not bee compleatly miſerable. I am not j thanke God riſen from à howſe, whoſe name j blush att, and were the glory of my anceſtours no addition to my deſert, yett j am not ſoe vnfurnish'd of meritts, but that j could easily (were it fitting) pronounce ſuch thinges of myſelfe, as might perhapps puff vp an other to à pitch of vanity. My nobility doth not vie with yours, yett j know it cannot shame you, should you grant it the honour of your alliance. Fortune hath not bin ſoe illiberal of her goods to mee, but that j can ſuſtaine the dignity of my howſe; and were they much leſſe, yett j cannot (without treaſon to my happineſſe) coceale the burning loue j haue, not for

the beauty of your daughter, which is incomparable, but for her vertues, which are ſans example. Her meritts are ſo powerfull vpon my will, that if fortune had made mee Emperour, j should readily lay the whole vniuerſe att her feete for the honourable purchace of her fauour. Tis then in you to make mee either happy, orvnhappy, for j know her to be ſo pliable, ſo obedient to your pleaſure, that if you will command her to affect mee, j shall neuer need to feare her hatred.

The Prince might very well haue reproued him for a tutch of vainglorie in this compliment, and haue taken it in ill part that his daughter was demanded with teatmes and reaſons, butt not being ignorant of the aduanta-

ge

ge of the party, he rendred thankes to *Sifrid* for having fixed his eyes vpon her vvhich he might haue placed other-vvayes, assuring him further that he vvould make an honorable estime of his pretences to *Genouefa*: yett that he vvould novvayes be guilty of so much injustice, as to force his daughter in à buisnesse, vvhich required soe much freedome; notvvithstanding hee vvould incline (as much as in him lay) her vvill to the consent of an alliance, from vvhich he hoped no lesse satisfaction, then he perceiued advantage. Att the same time the

mother had order to treat in this affaire, and to mannage the affections of her daughter: but j will not ſtay long about thoſe difficultyes of *Genouefas* mind which shee had to encoũter and ouercome, before shee could make her pliable to her wish; the young maid was nor obſtinate in her opinion, but truely shee could hardly reſolue (being now all her owne) to become the moity of an other and to deprive herſelfe of her virginity which shee might preſerue for euer, but could looſe onely once in her whole life. Howſoeuer shee muſt obey; but with how much difficulty?

difficulty? Her teares, her ſighes, and the vaile (which bashfullneſſe had throwne ouer her face, will informe you much better then j can. Moſt wiſe maids are troubled when à husband is propounded to them, and can hardly forſake an Angelicall condition to become woemen. Not with ſtanding *Genouefa* doth accomplish all deſires buther owne, and therfore behold her now maried to the great Palatine. T'would be ſuperfluous to recount that no joy was omitted, that could honour thoſe great Nuptialls: Dances, Balls, Turnaments and all other exerciſes of gallantry were

the leaſt paſtimes of the ſolemnity.

All that looked vpon the happineſſe of this wedding, beleeved it to be eternall, but alas! how few are the roſes that grow amoungſt à plenty of thornes? and how little able is humaine prudence to penetrate into future times. *Genouefa*, j allow you two yeares to liue, if not in contentments, att leaſt in pleaſures. Your mariage hath begun (like that of Eue) in Paradis, and like hers shall end in ſolitude. Make haſt therfore to enjoy the contentments that are of ſoe little durance. But vvhy doe vvee moleſt

leſt our pleaſures? Lett vs vviſely expect misfortunes without ſeeking them. After that our young couple had paſſed ſome Monthes in the Court of Brabant, t'was neceſſary they should viſitt Trevers. The parents of *Sifrid* received her with all the reſpects, which her quality ad deſert could expect from their affection. Saint Hidulphe who was then Paſtour of that great towne rejoyced extreamely to ſee his flocke encreaſed by ſoe ſweet and innocent à Lambe, and in teſtimony of his joy, as shee was ready to goe into the Country (wher shee had à faire howſe) he gaue her

his benediction.

This recreation-place vvas ſituated in à field, vvhich knevv no other bounds but its horiſon: the caſtle vvas enuironned vvith à Parke, to vvhich the ſpring with her ſweet weſterne gales ſeemed to retire during the raigne of more boiſterous and sharper guſts through the reſt of Germany: The moſt rigorous winter would neuer touch the Orengetrees, nor shew leſſe reſpect to the Laurells then Lightning is vvont to doe. Att the bottome of the vvalls à Riuer ran quietly along, vvhich continually nourished à great nũber of Svvanns. T'vvas in this

place

place ſo furniſh't vvith delights, and ſoe reſſembling the enchanted Palaces of the Romans, vvher *Sifrid & Genouefa* did lead the moſt ſvveet and innocent life of that age. Nothing interpoſed betvveene them and their contentments, euerythinge ſtriuing to add vnto their pleaſures. Each ſeruant of theirs vvas sharer in this happineſſe, for Peace and à right vnderſtanding ſeemed to gouerne the vvhole family. No Craft vvas vſed but in bird-catching; and indeed hee muſt ſeeke à nevv Maiſtre that vvould vſe it othervvayes. The hovvſe vvas no more diſquieted vvith

noiſe

noiſe and tumults, then that part of the Aire vvhich lies abo-ve all vvindes and tempeſts. If any deſired to begon, his requeſt vvas ſoone granted, vpon com-mitting but one ill action. If any coueted their affection; to loue God vvas the ready meanes to compaſſe it. All this quiett, this happineſſe flovv'd from th'exam-ple of the Maiſter and Maiſtre-ſſe: ſo true it is, that Lords and great perſons cauſe the vices, or vertues of their inferiours.

What more could ones wish add to the felicity of this howſe, vnleſſe that itt might continue conſtantly thus: but ſcarce were

two

two yeares ſpent in this inno-
cent life, but the braſen drum
of Sarazins diſturbed the contēt-
ments of it. Abderame King of
thoſe Moores, hauing paſſed from
Affrica into Spaine promiſed no
leſſe to his ambition, then the
conqueſt of all Europe. The per-
fidiouſneſse of Traitours more
then his proper courage had all-
ready poſſeſsed him of all the
Prouinces beyond the Pyrenean
mountains. France was à dainty
bitt for his Pallat, but his appre-
henſion tould him he had other
ple then Goths to deale with.
was not ignorant that ther
ined yett ſome of thoſe an-
cient

cient Gaules, whose Ancestours (to the number onely of thirty Caualiers) had routed heertofore ten thousand mounted Moores, and putt them to à shamefull flight. Considering then that in euery Prouince, he had many nations, and in one onely Frenchman many men to vanquish, he prepared the most formidable army that the westerne world had euer seene. This deluge of armed men spread it selfe from the Pyreneans to
country of Touraine, wher
inuincible Charles Martell
cted it with twelue th
horse, and three-score th

noted à ſudden change in the countenance of his vvife) caſt his eyes vp to Heauen, and ſpoake thus. Tis to you alone ô Queene of Heauen the glorious Mother of my Sauiour, that j leave the care of my deare *Genouefa*. Well, goe then *Sifrid*, aduance boldly vvher Honnour calls you, feare not any ill, any diſgrace can befall your lady: you cánot putt her into more truſty hands, then thoſe to which you recommend her.

My God! What vvindings and turnings are in the hart of man, and hovv little Prudence hath he to diſcouer the malice

of it ! Nothing is more important then the choiſe of freinds, and good ſeruants, and yett vvee are in nothing ſoe eaſily and dangerouſſly deceiued. O hovv ſtupidly did our Palatin err in his opinion of *Golo* ! His shamefull and abominable practiſes vvill shortly make the treachery of his ſoule appeare.

Lett vs accompany our Warriour to the army, vvher he is moſt vvellcome to great Martel. I conceiue it not amiſſe to deſcribe the battaile in vvhich he vvas, the better to make à ſlender draught of that vvhich our curragious Princeſſe ſuſtained

att

att the ſame time. Wee tould you that Charles Martel expected Abderame neere Tours, vvher à faire and open field ſeemed to offer him the victorie. Hauing intelligence that the ennimy had putt his men into order, he diſpoſed of his ſoe, that they hade the Riuers of Loire and Cher behind them, and foure hundred thouſand Moores before them. That he might oblidge his men to fight, and ouercome, hee commanded the inhabitants of Tours to open their gates onely to the Couquerours; and to dash all hopes of flight, hee placed fiue or ſix hundred

choiſe Caualiers in the vvinges of his army, with expres commaund to cutt aſunder the hammeſtrings of the firſt that offered to breack his rancke, or to place his confidence of ſafety othervvayes, then in the ſtrenkth of his ovvne armes. After his Campe vvas thus ordered, he ſpoake to his ſouldiers in theſe tearmes.

My Compagnions, j ſee your eager deſires of fighting, will hinder mee from diſcourſing much with you; indeed tis needleſſe ſince you are better inclined to good actions, then j to long ſpeeches: expect not that j will retire vnto paſt ages to fetch you examples of valour, my opinion hauing allwayes bin, that yea had rather giue it to your Poſterity, then take it of your Anceſtours,

Anceſtours. Although wee were reſolved to be inſenſible of our intereſts; and that the ruine of our howſes, the pillaging our townes, the deſolation of our Prouinces, the teares of our children, the honnours of our wifes should not mooue vs to à juſt vengeance: yet the injuries don vnto our God, and the violation of our Religion were ſufficient prouocation for you to punish the fury of theſe Barbarians, that come ſo farr to ſtrike you. I will neuer entertaine ſo ill an opinion of your devotions, as to thinke you can now contemme the God, you haue adored; the Religion you haue preſerued; the Saincts you haue honoured; the temples you haue builded; and the Alters you haue erected. Tis not poſsible you should be ready to carry your faith into the hart of Barbarie, or permitt theſe impious Moores to tread it vnder foot in

your owne country, euen before your eyes. But j perceiue my discours hath allready saued the liues of twenty thousant of those villaines, and hindred vs of halfe the victory. Goe on then bravely, fight in the view of Sainct Martin, whose quarelle you sustaine this day. Lastly remember yea are Frenchmen, whose glorie ought not to haue other limitts, then that of the whole world.

The impatience of the french permitted not Charles to discours further; neither would hee add fuell to their heate, which being well managed is capable of perpetuall victories, and can neuer receiue domage but by its owne excesse and violency. Behold therfore our Lions now rushing vpon

vpon that vaſt multitude of Sarazins. Hudes with his Gaſcons falleth ſtoutly on the baggage, happily by the cõmand of Martel who knew the cryes and moanes of woemen and children would breed confuſion in the adverſe army: and truely the euent cozened not his expectation; for immediately Terrour raigned amoungſt them nothing was heard but lamentations, nothing ſeene but bloud and ſlaughter. The French maſſacred all, but whom flight withdrew from their victorious armes, in à word they obtained the moſt glorious victory that was euer heard of;

the Sarazins leauing on the place three hundred ſeauenty fiue thouſand dead with their commander in chiefe Abderam, which coſt not the loſſe of fiueteene hundred on our part. The remainder of the Moores rallied vnder Aucupa one of their Kings, who ſurpriſed the citty of Auignon. Out great Charles deſirous to leaue ſome marke of his piety and hommage which hee rendred to Heauen for this victory, built à Chapelle which was named *de Bello*, and ſince by corruption of time the Chapelle of Saint Martin the faire.

T'was now requiſite to hõnour

nour the valour of the Princes and Lords with ſome note of glorie; the courage of the ſouldiers hauing allready found in the ſpoiles its ample recompence. After this victorious day Martel was preſented with à multitude of Genettes, which are little black creatures freikled with red ſpotts: and being deſirous to haue them ſerue as à Monument of his victory, he inſtituted the Order of the Genette, which vvas of three gold chaines diſtingiushed or linked vvith ſo many red roſes, vvhich our Anciét Gaules placed in the Buckler of their God Mars. From the chaine

ne hung à genette of gold, enna-meled black and red, att the Col-ler of France ſprinkled vvith Flo-vvers De-luſes, vvhich reſted on à Terraſſe, or greene banck of Flovvers. This order vvas to cõ-ſiſt of ſixteene knights, of vvhich number *Sifrid* vvas not the laſt, as hauing yielded to none in that occaſion. The head of the pro-digiouſe ſerpent vvas ſufficiently bruiſed by our Martel. but the taile had yett ſome motion in it; vvherfore they purpoſe to fol-lovv Aucupa in Auignon. Our Palatin not vvilling to goe away vvith halfe à glory, and ſeing him-ſelfe obliged in hõnourable ack-

novvledgments, ſtill to perſiſt in ſoe good à vvorke, reſolued to accompany the army in this enterpriſe: of vvhich the end being doubtfull he ſent one of his gentlemen to viſitt *Genouefa*, who preſeted her the Coller of his Maſters nevv order and this letter:

Madame thoughts of honnour haue crually reſtraind the liberty of my contentments by ſtill keeping mee abſent from you, and my impatience for it makes me beleeue j haue ſcarce liued from the time j left you. To ſpeak truth felicity's paſt being but preſent afflictions, j cannot remember the happineſſe j haue enjoyed formerly, without confeſſing myſelfe nõw the moſt miſerable in the world. How (thinke you) doe j preſerue my witts amounſt the perills of warr, not ſoe much for feare

feare of thouſand dangers which encompaſſe mee, as for the apprehenſion of neuer-more enjoying your ſweet cõpagny. If my aſſurance of liuing in your remembrance and in the tendreſt conner of your hart, did not ſooth and flatter my diſtreſſe, it had long agoe preuailed vpon my ſenſes, nor could my whole Reaſon haue remedied ſoe great à miſcheife. But this confidence hath carried mee into places wher Death ſeemed to be as certaine, as life hopeleſſe. Know (my deare hart) that the moſt powerfull motife which caſt mee vpon dangers was thus: I liue (ſaid j to myſelfe) in the boſome of Genouefa, *and who will be ſoe cruell to offend her faire and innocent breaſt for procuring my miſeheife? Noe, all Barbarie is not anough inhumaine to committ ſoe villanous an action; ney Death herſelfe (though blind) hath too*

much

much vnderſtanding to be guilty of ſuch indiſcretion; of vvhich truth shee hath giuen à large teſtimony by not inflicting one vvound vpon, mee, vvhich shee apprehended capable of heaping ſorrovves on you. Banish then from yourſelfe thoſe vaine and timorous cõceits, vvhich ordinarily dvvell in the minds of Louers. Lanfrid vvill tell you hovv happily our Armes haue proſpered, and hovv juſtly j am hindred from your embraſes. Aboue all (my deare hart) j conjure you to ſtopp thoſe teares and ſighes vvhich come ſoe farr to ſeeke mee, othervvayes j ſhall not beleeue you à sharer in my good fortune, ſince you deny to participate vvith mee in the contentments of it, That you may haue cauſe to doe ſoe, j ſend you heere the preſent vvith vvhich our inuincible Generall vvas pleaſed to honnour my courage, and deſire to doe

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vvell : I cannot preſent it to any body dearer to mee then yourſelfe : if you receiue it as fauourably as j hope you will, my ſatisfaction will bee no leſſe therby, then if ſtatues were erected in honnour of my valour, or if all the Mouthes of Fame were employed in trumpeting my worth; ſoe great is my deſire that you should eſtime of my affection. Farewell (my deare) and preſerue your life for mee, which is the faireſt of this age.

Lett vs leaue *Sifrid* going into Prouince, and teturne to the Coũteſſe now with Lanfrid, who in à short ſpace arriued thether. When nevves vvas brought her of à Gentleman come in the behalfe of her husband, shee vvas trying to looſe her melancholy in

in the vvindings of à labyrinth, or att leaſt to charme their importunity by ſo innocent à diuertiſſement. Lanfrid was vnfortunately that day cloath'd in blacke, which made our *Genouefa* allmoſt ſwoon at his firſt appearance; but hauing noted in his countenance and fashion ſome ſignes of ioy, rather then ſadneſſe, shee asked him in à trembling voice, how it was with her deare *Sifrid*: the gentleman making an humble obeiſſance, preſents her with his pacquett, ſaying, Madame, theſe letters will reſolue you: which shee opening walked à little aſyde, and read them twice or

thrice, pausing long vpon each word; but her ioy was not entire, her Palatin being yett absent. The curiosity of a thousand questions, made her call Lanfrid to her, who in obedience to her command, assured her that his Maister was att Tours ready to depart for Auignon with intention to besiege the rest of the Sarazins, who were retired thether, and from thence his resolution was to carry him to Narbona against Anthime who kept that strong place. This discours was butt little pleasing to the Countesse, whose iudgment tould her, the beseeging these townes would long

long detaine her husband from her. In fine hauing vnderſtood that à generall Feare expected the comming of Amoré an other King to the ſuccour of his nation, shee grew hopeleſſe of *Sifrids* returne till the yeare following; whervpon shee reſolues to diſpatch his gentleman ſome few dayes after with this Anſwere.

Sir that your letter gave aſſvvagement to my paines the Bearer can aſſure you; that it hath giuen mee nevv apprehenſions, nothing but my Love can vvitneſſe. Verely becauſe i am deſirous of your returne aboue all thinges, the certaine knowvvledge of your ſtay novv cauſeth mee as much reall ſorrovv, as the hope of your returne once gaue mee vaine contentment. Was it not anough

to hide the time of your approach? Without telling mee j must yett be miſerable à vvhole yeare, and that j shall onely ſee you, vvhen you haue ouercome à Hydra, to vvhich euery day yeilds à newv birth. Alas happily my ſorrovves vvill not be ſoe durable, and the time of your abſence vvill exceed that of my miſerable life. When the firſt newves of that great victory vvas brought mee, and ſoe much bloūd came floting euen into my doores, tis hard to tell you how many feares aſſaill'd my mind, how many greifes my heauy hart. I could not but hearken to my thoughts, that vvere euer ſpeaking thus. Genouefa *(ſaid they) thinks't thou that Death, vvhoſe furie hath deſtroyed ſo many thouſands, hath forborne thy Palatin? If her blindneſſe render her incapable either of knovvledge or diſcretion, hovv can'ſt thou hope shee hath ſaued à life vvhich*

vvas

vvas vn knovvne to her? But that ſtorme is paſſed, that tempeſt is appeaſed and yett you caſt mee into nevv deſpaires. O hovv little doe you apprehend that, vvhich often in à day endangers mee to be à vvidovv? Conſider (my deare Sifrid) that fortunes favours are not permanent, and that you ought to ſuſpect her loue, knowing her inconſtancy. How can you tell, but thoſe flashings of honnour, with which shee hath preſented you, reſſemble the nature of ſuch fires, as onely shine to our deſtruction. O that she had rather left your valour without recompence, then offered it new Motiffs of its ruine! I am not ignorant of the iuſtneſſe of your armes, and that Heauen is obliged to proſper them, if it will maintaine its owne quarelle; but withall who knowes not, that it often makes vs rush vpon our foes, and perish in the shocke, ſeeking in our loſſe either the

vengeance of our sinnes, or the merit of our patience. I am not opinionate or stout against the will of God; yett so long as it is without the compasse of my knowledge, Reason bidds mee have regard vnto your safety, and not forgett my owne good. In truth if your absence were as advantagious to the seruice of God, as it is iniurious to my contentment, my interests should readily giue place to his, nor would j wish to bee happy by the least hinderance of his glorie. But since France is this day supported by an arme, on which all Earthly Crowvnes may repose the care of their preservation; can j permitt you to be absent, vvithout being à complice in the ills you make mee suffer? If j should thus yeild to my owvne misforiune, you vvould thinke mee vnvvorthy of your freindshipp, and questionlesse accuse my iudgment in being so little prudent. Doe not blame

me my ignorance in this point, for j knowvv vvholl Riuers of your enimies bloud cannot counteruaile one dropp of yours: nor vvill any one desire the death of all those Barbarians att the deare price of dammifyng your person. This consideration makes mee hope you vvill secure yourselfe least therby you endanger three personnes in rushing vpon one death. But if you be resolued to die expect at least, till the little creature vvhich j carry in my vvombe be safe from being entombed ther.

Greife began this letter, greife ended it: but our Palatin was att the seige of Auignon, when he receiued it, and to tell you the perturbation of his soule for the last words of his wife, were too teadious à worke, since j must

haſt to the diſcouery of the moſt infamous and baſe treaſon, that euer ſeruant meditated.

Golo, to whom *Sifrid* had giuen more autority, then the Saviour of Ægipt had receiued from his Maiſter, did allwayes regard *Genouefa* with à reſpect ſutable to her vertue ſo long as the Count liued with her. They ſay, iudeed, the Diamont hinder's the Loadſton's action being placed betweene that and Iron: ſo perhapps *Golo* had neuer entertained à traiterous thought in the preſence of his Maiſter, either out of Feare of being chaſtized for his infidelity, or for that hee thought

thought *Genouefa* would neuer diuide her hart before the view of him that ought entirely to poſſeſse it. The lady had ſuffi-cient beauty to command affe-ction, but too much honnour to admitt of his. Heerupon the villaine *Golo* conceales his flame for à time, but att laſt it break's out, hee ſighes, he complaines, he would faine declare his tor-ment; but hopeleſſe of remedy, he feares his words will be thro-wne away, and his fortune ha-zarded, if he publish, what he ought to ſmother: His thoughts did long ſcuffle with his paſſi-on, which happily had bin van-

quish'd, but that the prefence of the Object gaue it ſupport and furtherance. Little Butterfly you will be catcht and burnt, vnleſſe you keepe att diſtance with that light, then which à Cometa ſhall not be more fatall to you.

Well, what will our Gouernour doe, being now become à ſlaue to the vileſt of all paſſions? He takes hart, let's his courage mount, and reſolues to manifeſt his flames to her that was the innocent cauſe of them. Hee ventures into the chamber of the Counteſſe, but as ſoone as he diſcern'd her modeſty, his temeri-

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ty expected both à deniall, and reproach. This first essay appearing vnseasonable, he adjourn's his dessigne to the next incounter. In fine th'occasion which he tooke to publish his desire vvas this The Countesse entertained à Painter to vvorke in the galleries of her Palace, and amoungst his many peeces, that of *Genouefa* vvas not the meanest; indeed hovv could it be ill-fauoured, being the pourtrait of soe faire à creature? As one day the Princesse was beholding it, shee calld *Golo*, and ask'd his judgment; hee hunting after all meanes to declare his passion, vvas glad to meet

meet with this; and ſeing the reſt of her Attendants to ſtand à looſe, he tell's her: Truely Madame if euer Penſill rauish'd, t'was in this particular; ther is no beauty (hovv excellent ſoeuer) dares vie vvith it, and for my part j thinke vvhoeuer hath but eyes muſt looſe his hart. In ſpeaking thus, he look'd ſtedfaſtly on *Genouefa*, expreſſing by his ſighes, and vvanton glances, that ſomething els (beſides colours) was the object of his paſſion. Our chaſt Counteſſe perceiued it well, yett shee fained herſelfe not to comprehend that which indeed shee could not be ignorant of.

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This modeſty did but kindle him the more : beleeuing therfore that his diſcourſe had bin too cleere, not to be intelligible, and the grauity of his Miſtreſſe too great, not to be affected, he thus continued what he had ſoe ill begun. But Madame, ſaid hee, if your ſimple picture hath à power to enforce loue from thoſe that owe you à reſpect, cannot you pardon him that would adore the Prototype? Queſtionleſſe your beauty hath too much perfection to be ſo cruell, and injuſt, as to giue lawes to loue, vvhich the Gods themſelues have ſtoopt to. You ſpeake like

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an Idolater (replied the Countesse) those diuinities being but immaginarie, and their Loue onely à meere fable. Att least (said hee) it cannot be denied, but those fictions may expresse my reall affections. You are in loue then *Golo*: Yes, Madame, and with the sweetest creature in the world. Truely, lett mee know her then that hath giuen you this innocent affection, and j will employ my whole power to the aduancement of your happinesse, and especially if shee be vnder my authority, j will endeauour to make your search as easy, as you thinke it aduanta-

geous. Ah! *Genouefa* you are too ſweet, too pleaſant; were you more ſeuere, you vvould be leſſe vnfortunate. I leaue to euery ones immagination, vvhither *Golo* vvas not in à fooles Paradice, miſtaking the vviſe diſſimulation of his Miſtreſſe, for à ſilent compact. T'vvas then he began to vnmaske his countenance, and to mingle ſighes vvith this follovving diſcours. Madame (ſaid hee) j see nothing louely but yourſelfe: your charmes haue ouercome the conſtancy, vvhich j oppoſed to my happineſſe, but ſince j perceiue your anſvveres to fauour my deſſigne, vnleſſe j bee

bee à foole, j cannot be vnfortunate. A clapp of thunder had lesse astonish'd *Genouefa* then those words; notwithstanding hauing recouered the liberty of speech, her choller and indignation represented to him the shame of his infidelity, in such reproouing tearmes, that if his passion had not bin extreame, certainely he had neuer bin so impudent.

Well now (miserable slaue) said shee, doe you thus acquitt your selfe of the fidelity, which you vow'd your Master? Haue you dared to lett your glances fly at mee? Know, j doe not onely detest your crime, but shall chastise it, vnlesse Repentance make you wiser. Was not

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the dissimulation j vsed, à sufficient advertisement to your indiscretion, intimating how vnwillingly j hearkned to it? If you be as studious of your good, as you are carelesse of your duty, abandon henceforth the like discourses. I want not meanes to give your folly punishement. Scorne and anger putt à stopp to the rest of her discourse.

What will *Golo* say? His speech will bee vnseasonable, because the other seruants did now perceiue the Counteſſe mooued; thet fore perſuading himſelfe that an other occaſion would riſe more fauourable to his intents, he makes, à preſent anſwere, which not onely free's the ſeruants from ſuſpition, but gaines à pardon from his Miſtreſſe.

Madame (replied the ſubtill youth) if it be an errour, with which you charge mee, tis excuſable, becauſe not voluntary; I hope to make ſuch ſatisfaction to the perſon I haue injured, that vnleſſe shee be vnreaſonable, shee shall ſoone be pleaſed. They that heard theſe words, not conceiving the former vttered by *Genouefa*, thought onely the Governour (à rude and teſty fellow) had offended ſome body in the howſe, and promiſed ſatisfaction to the party: the paſſage ended thus. But *Golo* who would haue vnderpriſed his conqueſt, if it had bin eaſy to obtaine, redoubled

doubled his paſſion, valuing the happineſſe of enjoying her by the difficulty therof. He thinkes, meditates, and caſt's about, hovv to compaſſe his deſſigne: in concluſion behold the moſt vnjuſt, abominable, and criminall inuention, that euer entred the mind of à vviked ſeruant. Ther vvas à Cooke in the howſe, vvhoſe vertue (indeed that vvas the onely Magicke, by which one could gaine her fauour) had purchaſed him the loue of *Genoveſa*; vvhich the Gouernour vvith the reſt perceiuing, he reſolues once more to preferr his ſhamefull ſuite, and in caſe of

deniall to render her chaſtity ſuſpected to him that ought in no manner to doubt therof. Her fauour to the Cooke vvas the pretext of his malice, and the hatred of the other ſeruants tovvards him vvas cauſe that *Golo* promiſed to himſelfe an eaſy beleefe from them of his calõny. Once after ſupper vvhen the coolneſſe of the euening invited the Counteſſe to vvalke abroad, vvhileſt shee vvas in an allee ſeperated from the reſt, *Golo*, counterfeiting ſome affaires vvhich hee ſeemed deſirous to communicate, approach't her neerer, and after ſome vvords purpoſely

posely cast out to soūd the depth, and be as spies to the combat which he now prepared against her chastity; after he had wrought himselfe into à thousand postures and putt on an infinity of vglie faces; after he had allead-ged all the bad reasons of his passion, he ended thus.

This discourse, Madame, is not to force your loue against your inclination, but onely to bend you to this last request, that you will please to expedite my death with this Iron, since your cruelty permitts not my constancy to hope that which my loue deserueth. I shall estee-

me it à ſingular obligation to receiue any but à lingering death; during vvhich ſpeech he offered her à poignard. If the Princeſſe did not interrupt the importunities of this Traitour, t'was ſpight and anger hindered her: for, as ſoone as shee could, commanding her juſt indignation not to leaue her, shee replied, j thought my clemency had corrected your preſumption, and that it vvas ſufficient to lett you ſee your purſuite was too shamefull, not to become fruitleſſe: but ſince my goodneſſe is vnprofitable to you, j declare, that if euer boldneſſe openeth your mouth to

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the like purpoſes, my husband shall bee aduertis'd of them. Ah *Genouefa*! What haue you ſaid? That word shall coſt your life, if the credulity of *Sifrid*, ſeconds the plott of *Golo*. Why did you not performe it without ſpeaking? You shevv your nature to haue more gentleneſſe then prudence. My deare Reader, you shall now ſee the ſufferance of innocency: learne to ſuffer hanſomely by her example: the ſtory j am going to deſcribe, will furnish you with motiues. Our Gouernour netled att her refuſall, retires full of rage and madneſſe, and this guſt preſently broake out into à fu-

rious tempeſt. Some dayes after *Golo* call's tvvo or three of his greateſt confidents in the howſe, and forcing à fevv teares from his treacherous eyes, hee ſighthed out theſe vvords.

My freinds, j cannot expreſſe vvith how much vnwillingneſſe j am forced to diſcloſe à thinge, vvhich j haue hid from you ſo long, as j hop'd amendmẽt in the pittifull ſubiect of this diſcours. And truely if the ſinne of our vnfortunate Miſtreſſe did not cauſe à publike ſcandall, and blemish the glory of her husband, j should permitt my ſilence to conceale the crime of Genouefa, *for feare of publishing the diſhonnour of our Maiſter* Sifrid. *I blush to ſpeake my thoughts, but how can j hide that from you, vvhich your owne eyes haue vvitneſſed. They vvho haue*

not

not ſeene the Careſſes of Genouefa towards that miſerable vaſſell, may be ignorant of their illmeaning; they who haue not heard their diſcourſes, may doubt the bad practiſe of them; they who haue not perceiued their beaſtly actions, may iudge them innocent. But alas! The ſubtill quaintneſſe of their words; the wantonneſſe of their lookes; the liberty and groſneſſe of their actions, are voices that ſpeake too loud our diſaſter. For my part as j was oblig'd by the fidelity on vvhich our Maiſter repoſed the care of his vvife, to watch more diligently ouer her deportments, ſoe haue j beheld ſuch thinges, as j vvish vvere falſe, that my beleefe might not haue ſoe ſad à ground to reſt on. O traiterous vaſſell! Thought'ſt thou thus to couer thy malice vnder the pretext of hollyneſſe? Did'ſt thou conceale thy Magicke vnder the ſpecious

shevv of affected piety? I speake this, my freinds, because j cannot possibly beleeue my ladyes eyes had euer descended to that slaue vnlesse they had bin formerly made dimme-sighted by some vviked charme. I thought good to take your aduyses in so important a buisnesse, to the end vvee may conceale the infamy of this hovvse as much as possibly vvee can. My opinion is, that vvee must clapp vp the miserable Cooke till the returne of our Maister, and because my lady (being att liberty) may enlarge him, it vvill not be amisse to confine her to her chamber, vvith the svveetest vsage, that a criminall can hope for. In the interim j vvill giue notice to our Maister of the diligence vvee haue vsed in his affaires.

This faire and sharpe oration vvas not to persuade them, who

who were allready too ſuſpitious of the innocency of the Coũteſſe, but onely to retaine ſome shew of Lavv, orformall proceedings in ſoe manifeſt an injuſtice. See then the reſolution taken againſt tvvo guiltleſſe victimes. One morning (*Genouefa* being yett in bed) our Gouernour call'd the Cooke, and vvith vvords (reſſembling Thunder vvhich neuer roares, but to produce Lightning) vpbraided him for hauing ſawced the dishes of the Princeſſe vvith à louç-poiſon, by vvhich meanes he had diſpoſed not onely of her vvill but perſonne. Poore *Drogan* (for ſo vvas he call'd)

call'd) made protestation of his innocency, call'd Heauen and Earth to wittnesse his deportments, and the honnour of his Mistresse, but all in vaine, for hee must haue the lash, and doe à teadious Pennance for *Gollo's* sinne, vvithout other comforters in his distresse, then teares vvhich he povvred forth day and night in prison. Ther vvas à fitt subject for cõpassion, vvhen the damn'd impostour came into *Genouefas* chamber, and tould her of the guilt and punishment of *Drogan*. Really the pious Lady vvas faine to arme herselfe vvith her vvhole Magazine of vertues in that

that incounter; yett patience failed à little, but becauſe euery one tooke *Golo's* part, no body would hearken to her moanes, or appeare ſenſible of her afflictions. They take her, they carry her into à Tower, from whéece she might eaſily heare the pittifull cryes of *Drogan*, but could not giue aſſuagemét to his euills. To explicate her ſufferings, one muſt firſt haue à feeling of the reſcentments which shee groaned vnder; and for my part j had rather you should conceiue them, then j ill expreſſe them: So many ſorrowes were capable of killing à woman now eight Monthes

Monthes with child, had not God preſerv'd her by a ſingular protection. Her onely conſolation in miſery vvas to thinke that Heauen could not ſee ſuch an injuſtice, ſuch an injurie vnpunished, without declaring itſelfe à Complice in it. Sometimes endeauouring to vnreſtraine her ſighes, and lett them fly att liberty, shee would amorouſly complaine in this manner.

Alas my God! Is it poſsible thou canſt permitt the ills j ſuffer, hauing ſoe perfect à knowledge of their extremity? What ſinne of mine hath made thee render mee the ſad ſubiect of ſoe many doulours? The petty ſeruices which j forc'd myſelfe to doe thee, made mee

hope

hope a better fortune, but j perceiue now, that either thou chastisest bitterly their defects, or disdainest to see the merits of them. But ô my most pittifull father, hast thou no punishment more gentle and lesse infamous? Was not the losse of riches capable to try my patience, and correct my hart for its rebellions? Could not sickneſſe expiate my crimes? Had my parents or my owne death bin too slender an Essay of my fidelity? O howw thy iustice had oblig'd mee, if this vvould haue contented it! But alas! What j haue mentioned are benefitts to be coueted, if j compare them with the torments j endure: I should not loose anough, vnleſſe j lost that which without miracle is irrecovorable. Indeed this fauour vvould be neceſſary, but j doe not aske it; yett ſoe the innocent vvhich j carry may not bee oppreſſed vnder the vveight

of

of my deſtructiõ, j conſent that thou permitt it. Lett mee lie vveeping in the ſhades of à darke priſon, ſo hee may enioy the light of day and thy grace. Lett mee be beaten, ſoe the ſtroakes may not fall on his tender ſhoulders. Lett mee be ſlandred, ſoe the blame remaine not in his perſonne. Lett mee die ſo hee may liue. I may hope from thy mercy that one day his mother ſhall be acknowledg'd to haue bin miſerable, but yett innocent; afflicted, but vvithout ſinne; ſlandred, but vvithout cauſe; condemned, but vvithout offence. My ashes vvill receiue this as à ſatisfaction from my ennimies, and my ſoule vvill be pleaſed att it. If thou vvilt permitt mee to expect this from thy goodneſſe, j ſhall not languish vvithout ſome ſort of conſolation, nor take it for à ſmall fauour to be rather drovvned in teares, then burne in à fire diſ-

agreable

agreable and vnpleasing to thee.

Thus did the poore innocēt Lady sob out her complaints day and night, without hope of any comfort but from Heauen: indeed to expect it frō the hands of men, had bin to search illusions, or giue assistance to her owne misfortunes. No creature sett foot into the Tower but *Golo*, and such as he permitted, for he was the *Dragon* that guarded this inestimable treasure. Hee went many times to visitt her, but shee receiued more paine and torment from his importunities, then all her other sufferings had inflicted. If he formerly mett re-

ſiſtance in his purſuite, hee now meets impoſſibility. The Lady counterfaits noe longer, her ſweetneſſe being transformed into à juſt indignation. If *Golo* flatters, shee affronts: if he proteſtet'h, shee contemmes: if hee approacheth, shee fly's backe; if he tutch her, shee cryes out. Once he tould her the way to hide her shame was to grant what à wretched Cooke had obtained without difficulty. Att which words the Counteſſe could no more reſtraine her anger, then ſatisfie the vengeance to which it prompted her. Perfidious traitour (ſaid shee) are not you content to loade

ade mee with afflictions, but you muſt add adultery to their number? Hetherto j haue regarded you as à wiked man, but now as à moſt ſauage Tyrant. Finish (thou diſloyall and lewd wretch) finish thy cruelltyes. Chaſtity hath her Martyres in whoſe liſt j deſire to be enrolled, for if thou expecteſt j should grant thee any thinge but my death, thou wilt looſe thy time and labour.

The villaine conſidering his Miſtreſſe had too much vertue to be ſinnefull, endeauoured to hide his crime vnder the pretext of marriage. Wherfore he vents à report how the Palatin being

embarqu'd att ſea for his retur-ne, had ſuffered shippwrake. Vpon this rumour he forgeth letters, which he ſecreatly conueyed in-to the hands of *Genouefa*, thin-king thus to diſpoſe and incline her to his will by the certainty of her husbands death. But the holy mother of God diſcouer'd the contriuement, and animated the Counteſſe, with ſuch à ſplee-ne, that *Golo* no ſooner made her an ouerture of marriage, but shee returned him à ſound box vpon the eare. This art not pro-ſpering hee had recours vnto his nurſe, who neuer committed worſe action then that of giuing

ſucke

ſucke to ſuch à Diuell. This was the womā whom *Golo* employed to carry neceſſaries to *Genovefa*; hee conjures her to gaine the hart and affection of the Princeſſe, and to mollifie her diſpoſition by her beſt skill and diligēce. Now he hopes to deceiue à woman by ſuch meanes as the Deuill vſed to captiuate poore man our father Adā: but hee is cozened, finding *Genouefa* to be à rocke of marble; which if the winds incounter, tis but to confirme and ſettle it; if the waues aſſault it, tis but to cleanſe and burnish it. Nor menaces, nor flatery, nor clemency, nor cruelty, nor violence, nor craft could ef-

feel any thing againſt à ſoule ſo fraught, ſo ſtored with vertue.

During theſe conſpiracies, the time of *Genouefas* lying in arriued: but alas! can j haue the hart to tell you that à Princeſſe was faine to be her owne midwife? That euen in the neceſſitous occaſion, when beaſts require aſſiſtance, the wife of à mighty Palatin could not haue it, but was abandoned by all ſuccour. Verely hee is more then of à flinty compoſition that can refuſe to weepe att ſuch extremities. Behold the holy Counteſſe now labouring in the gripes and throwes of child-bearing, and preſently

ſently behold her foulding her little ſonne within her armes. Who could heare the ſpeech shee made to it without pitty? T'had bin as eaſy to regard her without eyes as teares.

Alas my poore child! What à number of paines hath thine innocency cauſed mee? Ah what miſeries will my afflictiõs bring thee? Fearing the want of all thinges neceſſary, and the incommodity of the place might make him die out of the grace of God, shee baptized him. Courage *Genouefa*, call your ſonne Benonj, or rather Triſtan, for hee muſt needs carry the Godmothers name, ſince

the Godfather (vvho is God himſelfe) hath none to name him by. After the child was thus chriſtned his mother w'rapt him vp in ſome old napkins, which were careleſly left ther.

When the Nurce informed *Golo* that ther vvere novv tvvo Priſoners in the Tower, and that the Princeſſe vvas extreamely dejected vvith paine and ſorrovv, Pitty, (that heertofore had never found entrance into the ſoule of this Barbarian) made its laſt endeauour to touch his breaſt, vvith ſome ſence of tenderneſſe; in fine he yeilded ſo farr, as to giue her an allovvance of bread

bread more then ordinary, rather for the ſtrenkning then mitigating her afflictions. A luſty and ſtrong complexion had bin ruined vvith her vvants and anguish; therfore it vvas no ſmall miracle to ſee *Genouefa* looke more fresh and faire after her labour and bitter ſorrovves, then shee vvas vvont to appeare in the dayes of eaſe and her proſperity. Vpon the ſight of her, one vvould haue beleeued her to be of the nature of that flovver vvhich florishet'h moſt, and shevves moſt liuely, vvhen trodden vnder foot. Our Gouernour going to the priſon, ther he found nevv lights,

vvhich ſo dimm'd and dazeled his ſences, that he thought to die vvith loue, but finding the holy vvoman ſtill perſiſting in her reſolution to liue miſerably, & die chaſt, rather then buy felicity att the priſe of her dishõnour, he purpoſed to giue her the laſt ſtroakes of rage and malice.

Hetherto all proceedings being vnknovvne to *Sifrid*, *Golo* judg'd it beſt to foreſtall the opinion of his Maiſter, and lett him knovve the misfortune of his hovvſe. Tvvo monthes vvere novv expired, ſince the deliuery of *Genouefa*, vvherfore hee inſtructs à ſeruant to carry the nevves

vves therof to *Sifrid*, and becauſe hee would couer his malice vvith the maske of prudence, he writes onely three words to the Palatin thus.

Sir if j did not feare to publish an infamy, which j am deſirous to conceale, att leaſt not to be the firſt Author of it, j should committ à very great ſecrett to this paper, but all your Domeſtiques, and particularly this Bearer, hauing ſeene the diligence j vſed, and the tricks which cozened my prudence, j need no other wittneſſes for cleering my fidelity from ſuſpition, or adding your eſteeme vnto my ſeruiſes. Be pleaſed to creditt him in all particulars, and by the firſt aduiſe mee of your pleaſure.

Wee tould you the Count was att the ſiege of Auignon, when

when he receiued the firſt newes of his deare Lady. After the taking of that faire towne, Charles Martel redue'd Narbona, vvher Anthime vvas. The vallour and experience of this great vvarriour vvere remarkable in the bloudy daye att Tours, and att the ſieges of thoſe tvvo cittyes; yett his mighty Genius neuer appeared better then att the defait of Amore à Sarazin King, vvho vnderſtanding the bad ſucceſſe of his natiõ in Frãce, would needs come thether, neuer to returne, for indeed he was ſlaine ther, withall his forces, not ſo much as one eſcaping to carry the nevvſe of his totall

totall ouerthrow. This laſt battaile contributed as much to the glorie of Martel as the firſt, but he purchas'd it att à dearer rate, for beſides à great number ſlaine on his part, many of his Noblemen vvere hurt; amoungſt others *Sifrid* receiu'd à vvound, vvhich detained him very long in à tovvne of Languedoc, wher the bad tydings (vvhich *Golo* had contriud) vvere brought him. Never did Acteons change ſo perfectly amaze him, as the diſcourſe of this meſſenger did aſtonish our braue Palatin. His thoughts did meditate nothing, but deepe and cruell vengeance; from admiration

miration he ſtagger'd into choller, from choler into furie; from furie into rage, and madneſſe.

Ah vnlucky vvoman! Said he; muſt thou needs ſoe shamefully deface the glorie vvhich j haue ventured for in vvarr and combatts? Ought'ſt thou to apply ſuch Art for the concealing of thy treachery, and make piety the baud of thy vncleaneſſe? Well ſince thou haſt made noe reckning of my honnour, j vvill not ſpare thy bloud, nor that of thy vvretched infant, vvhich thou haſt onely brought into the world to be the hangman of thy crime. Then recollecting himſelfe,

and

and repreſenting to his thoughts the modeſtie and vertue of his vvife, as diſenchanted, or deliuered from ſome bad ſpiritt, vvith à ſetled mind he ſpeakes thus: Noe, it is not poſſible *Genouefa* ſhould ſoe vvikedly betray mee. I haue euer found her actions to be vertuous, and her loue, vvhich appeared ſo ardent, could not ſoe long be counterfait. Tell mee (my freind) hovv long is it ſince shee vvas deliuered? Sir replied the meſſenger, not aboue one Month. T'was heere that the malice of *Golo* laboured hard: for, to make the Counteſſe the more probably ſuſpected, he tooke

ke care to haue the Palatin informed, that shee vvas brought to bed in the tenth month onely after his departure.

All this might be trevv, and yett *Genouefa* innocent, for Philoſophy and experience teach vs, that woemen may carry their fruict ten monthes, nay tis knovvne that ſome haue gon to the fifteenth, and ſeauenteenth: yett becauſe this vvas aboue the ordinarie courſe, *Sifrid* eaſily beleeued it to be out of the rules of honeſty. Iealouſy ſupported his beleefe, for allthough the vertues of *Genouefa* ought to cure his mind of the deſeaſe, yett her beauty

beauty caſt him into doubts and darkneſſe, euen formerly when he ſecurely enjoyed her in the quiett of à well diſpoſed family. Tis à thing worthy our admiration, that prudence should ſome times helpe itſelfe to be deceiued and cozened: from the prooſes and arguments vvhich our Palatin might make of his vviſes innocency, hee dravves conjectures of her falſshood; her vpright and ciuill carriage paſſeth for affectation; her vviſdome for artificiall ſubtilty; her devotion for hipocriſy; her vertues for diſguiſed vices. Tis no wõder then that he conſented to

his owne misfortune.

After he had well ſtudied reuenge for à crime, which onely his credulity vvas guilty of, he diſpatched the ſame meſſenger to *Golo* vvith cõmand, that his vvife should be ſoe ſtraitly lodged, that no body might hope to come neere her perſon; and for the vnfortunate ſlaue the Cooke vvho vvas in priſon, that hee should find out ſome punishment for him proportionable to the horrour and extremity of his ſinnefull enterpriſe. The Gouernour receiued this command with pleaſure, and immediately prepar'd à bitt for the

poore

poore vvretch, vvhich ſoone tooke avvay his taſt for all others. This vvas the firſt act of our cruell Tragœdie, yett the blood of this innocent ſacrifice could not mitigate *Golos* rage, but on the contrary the terrible viſions of *Drogan*, vvhom hee apprehended to be allvvayes in his ſight, and the feare of *Sifrids* cõming to diſcouer and vnderſtand the purity of his wife, lifted his furie to that height, that he now thinkes it time to meditate her finall and compleat deſtruction.

Hearing that the Count was vpon his returne, he vvent to meet him as farr as Strasbourg;

neere which towne liued an old witch, ſiſter vnto *Golos* nurſe, and beleeuing her vſefull to his deſſigne, he makes her à viſitt, and guilds her in the hand, to the end shee vvould make *Sifrid* ſee, vvhat indeed vvas neuer viſible. His plott being thus ordered, he meets the Palatin, vvho receiued him vvith great teſtimonies of his good vvill and fauour; then taking *Golo* aſide, the Count aſked him the ſad condition of his howſe. T'was heere that teares and ſobbs vvere complices of *Golos* treaſon; for ſcarce did he pronounce à vvord vvithout à ſight: in fine after à long and teadious

teadious diſcourſe, he declared to him, all vvee haue mentioned, and that (leaſt the perfidiouſneſſe of *Drogan* should be too much published by his execution) he had ſecretly without noiſe conveyed him into an other world. The Count highly commended his diſcretion; but att laſt queſtioning him very often about the particulars of his misfortune, *Golo* fearing to be ſurpriſed in his anſweres, ſayes, Sir, j doe not thinke you doubt of my fidelity, which j am vvilling to teſtifie euen att the prejudice of my life, but if you pleaſe to take other prooſes of this vnlucky

buiſneſſe, then vvhat my Mouth hath vttered, j haue meanes to giue you the viſible certainty of all paſſages from the very beginning, ther being hard by à moſt learned and vviſe vvoeman, who vvill moſt apparently aſſure you of them. *Sifrid* giuing way to à curioſity (which afterwayes coſt him much ſorrow, and many à ſad hart) entreats to be conducted to her howſe; and about the euening taking onely his cõfident with him he ſtealeſ into the compagny of the damn'd ſorcereſſe. Hee fills her hands with Crownes, deſiring to be enformed of what had paſſed in his abſence.

abſence. The falſe hagg hoping to edge on his deſire by her refuſall, pretends much difficulty in the buiſneſſe, and ſeemingly diſuades his mind from ſuch à purſuite, and vſeth many Reaſons to that effect, repreſenting to him that he vvould perhapps ſee thinges, the ignorance wherof would be more profitable; that the knowledge of them vvas not to be coueted; laſtly that à misfortune is not entire or great, ſo long as hidden and concealed. All which shee ſpoak to encreaſe his deſire of being cheated; vvherfore ſeeing him reſolued, shee tooke him by the hand, and

led him into à vault vnder à Cave, vvher no light appeared, but vvhat was cauſed by tvvo great candells made of greene tallovv. Hauing marked out tvvo circles vvith a vvand, and placed *Sifrid* in one, and *Golo* in the other shee caſt à lookinglaſſe into à veſſell of water, ouer which shee muttered certaine words, which caus'd à horrour in the beholders: this being done shee turnes round in à recoiling manner three times neere the veſſell, ouer vvhich shee blovvs as often. The motion of the vvater being ſtayed, the Count dravves neerer it by her command, and as he thrice

bovved

bovved his body, he caſt his eyes vpon the glaſſe. The firſt time he perceiu'd his vvife ſpeaking to the Cooke vvith à ſmiling countenance, and an eye full of ſvveetneſſe; the ſecond time playing vvith his lockes, and dandling him vvith much delicacy and vvantoneſſe; but the third time he beheld ſuch familiarities betweene them, as could not ſtand vvith modeſty. Immagine vvith vvhat furie and impatience he left that little hell. O what vvords did he not vtter? What fearefull cruellties did he not call to the vengeance of his diſgrace.

When an Eliphant is enra-

ged, doe but offer him à Lambe, and he is quaill'd: the Gouernour fearing his Maiſter to be of the ſame diſpoſition, endeauoureth by remooving *Genouefa* to take all Obiects from his eyes that carried ſvveetneſſe or merited compaſſion. Heerupon hee admoniſheth the Count, that it vvas to be feared leaſt his juſt indignation mooving him to the punishment of his ladyes crime, should publish it, therfore in his judgement it vvas conuenient for the Count to giue à commiſſion to ſome other, vvho might diſcharge it priuately and diſcreetly, vvhileſt himſelfe vvas comming home

home by eaſy and short journyes. This councell vvas entertained by the Palatin vvith great praiſe to the giuer; and becauſe he confided in *Golo* aboue any, he committs the buiſneſſe to his ſpeedy care and execution, though *Golo* expreſſed much vnwillingneſſe and diſpleaſure in that obedience.

The Gouernour being returned failes not to acquaint his nurſe vvith the vvhole miſtery, forbidding her to communicate it to any creature. But the prouidence of God vvould not haue that vvoman to become vviſe aboue her ſex, or more ſecrett

then

then others, (vvho as they know nothing of vvhat they conceale, ſo they conceale nothing but what they knovv not) for ſcarcely had shee learnt the buiſneſſe from *Golos* mouth, but shee vvhiſpered it into the eares of her daughter, vvho (conſidering what à bad mother shee came of) was not vvithout ſome commendable quallities, and aboue all for her tender compaſſion of *Genovefa*. The Counteſſe ſeing her vveepe, asked her the ſubject of thoſe teares. Ah, Madame (anſwered the girle) your glaſſe is run, and your life is att à periode, *Golo* hauing receiued expreſſe

ſſe order from my lord to ſend you into an other world: Well my girle (ſaid the Counteſſe) you and j haue both reaſon to be glad; j haue long demanded this fauour from the hands of God: but vvhat vvill become of my poore child? Madame he muſt die vvith you. Att theſe vvords *Genouefa* vvas aſtonished, and the firſt word vvhich greefe permitted her to ſpeake vvas this. Ah my God, vvill you ſuffer à little creature that is ignorant how to ſinne, to be afflicted? Muſt an infant appeare faulty, becauſe vnfortunate.

In ſpeaking this shee bathed his

his little cheeks vvith teares, and then beſtovving all the kiſſes which her loue exacted, shee addreſſed herſelfe to the girle. My freind (ſaid shee) j knovv not vvhither j ought to begg of thee to doe à ſeruice for the moſt miſerable of all women: thou mayſt oblige mee vvithout paine or hazard, ſince all j petition thy curteſy for, is à little incke and paper; thou shalt find ſome in the cloſett neere my chamber, take the key, and be miſtreſſe of all my jewells ther, on condition thou faileſt not to execute my pleaſure. The girle punctually obeyed her eaſy requeſt, cõueying

afterwards

aftervvards à little note into the ſame cloſett.

The next morning *Golo* call'd tvvo of the ſeruants, in vvhich he moſt confided, commanding them to lead the mother and the ſonne into à wood but halfe à league diſtant from the caſtle, ther to kill them, and then to throvv their bodies into à neibouring riuer. For à ſigne of their cruell obediẽce, he charged them to bring backe the tounge of that vvicked vvoman (ſoe did he call our innocent Princeſſe.) They obey: indeed vvhat appearance to the contrary, vvhen the Barbarian vvanted neither vvill, nor power

power to force them? They entred the priſon, ſtript the poore lady of her cloathes, attired her in raggs, and in this pittifull eſtate they dragg her to execution. My deare Reader, me thinkes j heare you aske whither ther bee à prouidence watching ouer the deſſignes of men: to which j anſwere that ther are not more ſtarrs then eyes in Heauen ſtill watching, broad awake, and regarding all our actions; but if God ſeemeth many times to ſleepe in the midſt of our afflictions, tis but to ſaue vs with greater wonder, and more euident demonſtrations of his loue. Butt

lett

lett vs returne to *Genouefa*, whom j behold marching betweene two Executioners, bearing her little one betweene her armes. Heere would the eloquence of all Oratours be dumbe, if it attempted to expreſſe the horrour of this ſad ſpectacle. Our Princeſſe whoſe mouth was hetherto ſtopt by extreame ſorrow, turning herſelfe towards the howſe, wher shee had ſuffered ſoe many torments, att laſt sighthed out theſe words.

Farewell thou woefull reſidence of my paines, farewell: ſince Heauen will haue mee die, j willingly quitt à place wher j haue ſuffered ſoe many cruell

deathes. But ſince men want teſtimonies of my purity, j deſire euen euery inſenſible creature within thy walls to accuſe my treachery, if j haue failed in my duty, or to report and praiſe my vertue if j bee innocent. Farewell for euer and euer. Att which parting words à ſtreame of teares came trickling downe her cheekes and breaſt, not that shee regretted to forſake à miſerable life, but becauſe shee judged the cauſe and motiues therof to be too vnjuſt not to be deplored. And to ſpeake ſeriouſly one muſt bee more then humainly vertuous to remaine vnmooued att ſuch rude

rude and ſmarting ſtroakes. To looſe à life, is onely to part with vvhat vvee cannot allvvayes keepe; but honnour (being as it vvere the ſoule and life of out ſoule) if it chance to die, ther are but ſlender hopes of its reſurrection.

Our tvvo innocent victimes being arriued att the fatall place, one of the miniſters of this barbarous execution lifted vp his cuttleaxe to cutt the infants throate, but the mother bid him hold, entreating to be firſt diſpatch'd, to the end shee might not ſuffer à double or ſecond death. O what à povver, vvhat à command hath

beauty (though eclipſed, or ſhadowed by afflictions) ouer harts that are not wholy Adamantine? Will you ere beleeue that they whom *Golo* had ſelected for this Tragœdie, were the men that ſpared the life of *Genouefa*? Truely her laſt words gaue ſuch alteration to their purpoſes, that in compaſſion, one of them ſpoake to the other as followeth. Comrade why doe wee embrue our hands in the pretious blood of our ſweet Miſtreſſe? Lett vs grant her life, whom wee haue not knowne guilty of ſuch à cruell death. Her modeſty and ſweetneſſe are inuincible arguments of her

her innocency, and perhapps the day vvill come, vvhen her vertue vvill be manifeſted, and our condition (if vvee be novv vviſe) exalted by à better fortune. Tis hard to tell you vvhither they that vvere to take à life, or shee that vvas to giue it, found moſt difficulty in conſenting to this ouerture; yett att laſt the torment of ſeing her child (onely fiue monthes old) to bee butchered, made *Genouefa* yeild to the continuance of her miſeries, perſwading herſelfe that neceſſity and vvant vvould end her dayes with leſſe horrour then the deuouring cuttleaxe.

The buiſneſſe being thus concluded, the two ſeruants, willed their Miſtreſſe to aduance ſoe farr into the forreſt, that *Sifrid* might neuer come to heare of her. Indeed it vvas eaſy to lie concealed in that wood, which for its hideous vaſtneſſe ſeemed à proper reſidence for Beares and ſauage beaſts. The largeneſſe of it gaue à terrour to the boldeſt paſſengers, and its obſcurity ſeemed to be the habitation of darke ſilence, which neuer was diſturbed, but by the howling of woulfes, skreeking of owles, and groanings of other beaſts: the lamentation of the Counteſſe boare

à part

à part alſoe. Aduance boldly *Genouefa*, aduance into à place which you haue formerly deſired, and acknowledge that God had never giuen you an inclination to à ſolitary life, but for the ſweetning it and leſſening its diſcommodities. As the two ſeruants were returning to the caſtle, they began to repent their pitty, remembring that *Golo* had commanded them to bring the tongue of *Genouefa* as à token of their fidelity, wherupon they haſt backe to execute, what compaſſion had hindered them from effecting. But God (who managed this affaire) permitted them o-

nely to meet her little dogg, which receiued the honnour of looſing his tongue for the ſake of his holy miſtreſſe.

The Gouernour vpon their returne home, thinking all had ſucceeded to his wish, receiued the newes with à ioy extreame, then aduertiſed the Count of the fact, who being arriued, ther is no other ſpeech, but of hunting, of debauches, of recreations to the end all thoſe thoughts might bee diuertiſed, which were capable of reuiuing *Genouefa* in his memory. Yett one day the Count chancing to diſcourſe of his miſeries (contrary to *Gollos* wish

or

or intention) he related that the night before he dreamt how a great dragon had rauished his vvife from him.

Truely (ſayes *Golo* vvhoſe cũning made vſe of all occaſions) that dreame ſpeakes too cleerly your misfortune. That dragon is the traitour *Drogan* vvho hath ſo vvikedly ſinn'd againſt his duty. You need not doubt therof ſince your dreame hath onely perverted one letter of his abominable name, to giue you aſſurance from vvhence riſeth your diſaſter. And really beſides what j haue ſpoken, vvee read in hiſtories, that many men haue

dreamt the like, vvhen their vvives vvere faulty of themſelues, or vvhen the violence of others, forced them to that vvikedneſſe: But Sir you ought to diſperce thoſe black and heauy thoughts out of your mind, ſince they ſerue onely to diſturbe the peace therof. Forgett the ashes of her that vvillingly burnt in ſoe impure à flame, that tis impoſſible to thinke of it vvithout confuſiõ. Is ther required ſuch à ſtrentk, ſuch vertue in blotting out of your mind an vngratefull vvoman, vvho blotted you out of her hart by ſoe much impurity? Beleeue à perſone vvhoſe peace

or

or diſquiet depends vpon your intereſts, for ſuch am j vvho adviſe and begg of you to entertaine your mind vvith better thoughts then thoſe vvhich hinder its tranquillity.

Lett vs leaue the Count ſeeking to diuertiſe his bad humours, and returne to *Genoveſa* vvhom vvee left amoung the thicketts of à ſpatious vvood. As ſoone as the tvvo ſeruauts had forſaken her, shee aduanced to the Riuers ſide vvhich glided to the caſtle, and ther shee tooke of the ring, which *Sifrid* putt on her finger att his going for France, and threw it into the ſtreame,

ſtreame, proteſting neuer more to beare the marke of â vertue, which had cauſed her ſoe many miſeries. Then shee went backe into the forreſt, ſeeking ſuch à retreat as might ſecure her from the rage of wilde beaſts, and wher shee might die in priuacy and ſilence. Whileſt shee wandered in this deſſigne, and euen th'inſenſible creatures ſeem'd affraid to ſuccour her, shee heard à voice in the middle of the wood ſaying: *Genouefa*, feare nothing; j will haue à care of thee and thy little infant. Vpon the aſſurance of this promeſſe shee advanced further into the forreſt, without

without ſeeing any thinge from vvhich shee could hope to receiue conſolation.

Two dayes paſſed in theſe extremityes vvithout other comfort then the liberty to ſigthe and make moanes. If her ovvne ſufferances vvere heauy, thoſe of her child vvere inſupportable: and really j knovv no patience that could haue groaned vnder ſo many ills, and yett be ſilent. The light of day ſeemed onely to shew her the horrour of the place wher shee vvas, and the night fill'd her mind vvith clouds, as it did her eyes vvith darkneſſe. Nothing vvas repreſented to her fancy

cy but shapes of feare and ter-
rour. The breathing of the ſof-
teſt vvind, the motion of the
ſmalleſt leafe created in her im-
magination more terrible mon-
ſters then Libia is plagued vvith.
The care of her little ſonne *Be-*
nonj added to her vvoes, conſi-
dering that for tvvo nights he
had allready ſlept att the foot
of an oake, vvithout other bed
then the greene graſſe, or other
shelter then à fevv boughs. All
the accidents that might arriue
vvere preſent to her thoughts,
but that vvhich made the moſt
ſenſible impreſſion on her ſoule
was the third day to heare the little
babe

babe cry for hunger, and to demand vvith floods of teares ſome ſuccour from her breaſt: But alas! They vvere dried vp, ſo that shee could force nothing thence, but à little blood, and that corrupted. Then shee permitted her greefe to ſpeake as followveth.

My God, my Sauiour can you ſuffer this innocent to die for vvant of one dropp of vvater, vvhileſt the Authours of his miſerie are pampered vvith high food, and vvallow in delights? Vvher is that Prouidence that makes you regard euen crovvs and vvormes? If your vvord deceiues not, you owe as much fauour to my child, as you beſtow on thoſe contemptible animalls, ſince his birth is not leſſe conſiderable, nor his condition bet-

ter

ter. Behold ô pittifull Lord, behold this infant, whose parents are as tender of him, as is the Crone of her young ones: Behold him sprawling in the dirt, and take compaßion of his miseries, either to end or lessen them, will you permitt the world to say, that th'vniuersall care of your Prouidence, hath excepted this little harmeleße creature from th'infallible rule of your mercyes? Will you permitt innocency to perish for hunger, whileßt your ennemies abuse your fauours, and prouoke your juſtiße? Is it not in à manner ill donn to oblidge vice, and abandon vertue; att leaſt to see her perſecuted without compaßion? But whither doth my greife transport mee? Pardon ô my Sauiour, pardon the blasphemy of my impatience; your will makes all thinges iuſt, and therfore if by your will and pleaſure my ſonne muſt die, j reſt contented.

In

In ſpeaking this shee laid him on the grownd, and then, deſirous to vvithdravv her eyes from ſo deplorable an object, shee vvalked aſide, but before shee vvas gon many ſtepps, the ſweet murmuring of à paſſing brooke, gaue her aſſurance of à fountaine not farr off, vvhich oblidg'd her to reſume her babe, and goe in ſearch therof. Hauing found it, shee refreshed his mouth vvith ſome few dropps, yett his ſoule vvas ready to forſake his little body for want of nourishment. But behold an effect of Gods prouidence; whileſt they were ſeeking out à ſafe retreat, *Genouefa* ſtum-

bled vpon one neere the fountaine. It was à caue the mouth vvherof was couered vvith à very thick bush, and heere did the mother and ſonne take vp their lodgings for ſeauen yeares, but all this while food for her child was vvanting. O heauenly goodneſſe hovv ſweet, hovv gentle art thou? Hovv louing is thy prouidence? Whileſt our poore Princeſſe was breaking her braines vvith that thought, shee heard à noiſe, as if ſome horſeman came brushing through the copices, which much affrighted her, till shee ſavv à Hind appeare, and vvithout feare to approach her perſonne: her

aſtonish-

aſtonishment vvas infinite, when shee beheld the beaſt looking vpon her child vvith an eye of pitty, and à ſeeming tenderneſſe, and came favvning on the mother as if it vvould haue tould her, that it vvas ſent by God to be à nurſe vnto her infant. In effect perceiuing her Dugg to be full of milke, *Genouefa* tooke her ſonne, then ſtroaking the beaſt vvith her hand, shee made him ſuck of her.

Ah hovv eaſy tis to gaigne à noble hart! *Genouefa* receiued this curtoiſy vvith ſuch à joy, as it vviped avvay her ſorrovves. And her contentment vvas ſuffi-

ciently encreaſed, vvhen experience made her acknovvledge, that the Hind came twice à day without other recompence for her good offices then à few handfulls of hearbes, and à few freindly ſtroakings from the noble Counteſſe. Sometimes shee would diſcourſe with the beaſt as if it had had à capacity to reſcent them.

Some will be glad to know why God hath ordinarily made vſe of Hinds to nurrish his ſervants in the deſert: tis à commendable curioſity, and j am well pleaſed to giue my Reader ſatisfaction in it. Tis certaine that God can draw nourishment from what

ſed, and vanity eſteem'd, whileſt à poore lady (for garding her innocency, and not violating her faith to her deare husband) is tormented in the hideous caue of à darke forreſt. O God how true it is that thy Prouidence is vnmeaſurable, that our witts are incapable to ſound it, and that thy judgements are precipices to all that ſearch the deph of them. To confirme this truth wee need goe no further then the howſe of *Sifrid*, it being now two yeares ſince wee came from thence. Whileſt *Genouefa* weepes and mournes, lett vs withdraw ourſelues from her afflictions and enter

ter the caſtle of her husband. Ther wee shall ſee no ſeruant but enioyes contentment, no lacquey but remaines att eaſe, no dogg but hath à cruſt to feed on. Ther ſummer hath its pleaſures, ther winter wants not ſeaſonable paſſtimes: huntings, viſitts, ſports, and banquetts hath banished the ſadneſſe of that family. *Golo* in the interim makes what addition he can to the medicine of time for the perfect cure of his Maiſters mind and judgement. To ſpeake truth, he could not intirely take away the image of *Genouefas* vertues from the ſoule of *Sifrid*. Her modeſty, her integri-

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ty, her pitty, her constancy, her carriage, her prudence, her affection, were so many pleasing phantosmes, which day and night reproacht him for his past credulity. Poore man he fancied her ghost to bee continually houering about him; and though the wiked Gouernour subtily knew how to quiett his disturb'd thoughts, yet not soe intirely, but some impression of *Genouefa* would euer remaine in them.

Behold an accident that gaue à shrewd pull to *Golos* fortune, and had like to discouer the windings of his malice. Three yeares after the returne of the

Count

Count (which were three ages of miſeries to his poore wife) as hee was looking ouer certaine papers in his cloſett, he happned on the note which the Counteſſe had heertofore conueyed thither. But who is able to deſcribe the ſorrowes which that little bitt of paper brought him? His mouth vttered à thouſand maledictions againſt *Golo*; his teares fell plentifully on the note; his breaſt felt the ſtroakes of his angry hand; whole fleeſes of his beard and haire falling to the ground, gaue ſufficient teſtimony of his reſcentment. In fine what paſſion ſoeuer extreame greefe prompts

vs to, was then expreſſed by our Palatin. And truely to read ſuch à letter without ſorrow required à Tygers hart, it being the child of innocency, and the effect of ſadneſſe. Behold the contents of it.

Farewell Sifrid, *j am going to dye, ſince you will haue it ſoe. I haue neuer found any thinge impoßible in my obedience, thought j now experience great iniuſtice in your cõmandes: yett j will beleeue that you contribute no more to my deſtruction, but your allowance of it. I proteſt the cheiſe thinge j am guilty of for this vſage, is onely the reſiſtance j haue made for preſeruing my wholeſelfe for him, who ought not to ſuffer any els to share in mee. I willingly paſſe from this miſerable life to à condition, that j preſume will not be worſe, being cõſidẽt that my innocẽcy will*

appeare one day, notwithſtanding the ſuſpitions wherwith Calomny hath charg'd it. All my greife is that j haue brought à child into the world, that muſt fall à ſacrifice to cruelty, and be reputed the ſad cauſe of my misfortune. Neuertheleſſe the ſence of this, ſhall not hinder mee from wiſhing you à perfect happineſſe, and to the Authour of my woes à better fortune then that which he hath procured mee. Farewell j am your unfortunate but yett moſt innocent Genouefa.

The Gouernour (who was leſtening all this while) judg'd it moſt conuenient to lett the cloud breake, and diſperſe itſelfe, and prudently to remooue his perſone for à time from *Sifrid*. When he conceiued his Maiſters

anger

anger to be well appeaſed, hee came backe to the Count, who fayled not to reproach the injuſt and wiked judgement of his paſt malice. But *Golo* (not wanting art to deceiue his Maiſter, or to draw the thorne out of his hart) perfidiouſly anſwered.

What Sir, doe you repent the taking away her life, whoſe wikedneſſe hath rob'd your honnour from you? Or doe you now queſtion the iuſtice of your ſentence? If indeed shee had not bin guilty, your diſpleaſure vvere novv reaſonable, but vvhat motiue vrgeth you to creditt it? Are not your ovvne eyes witneſſes of your diſaſter? All your domeſtickes knovv that your action is too equitable to appeare naughty. All humaine policy approoues of vvhat you

haue donn. Will you be vviſer then the lavves, or condemme vvhat Reaſon dictates? Perhapps that letter hath perſuaded you to thinke her innocent: à very pleaſant juſtification; but hovv vvill crimes come to light, if à bare denyall quitts the treſpas, or vvho vvill ere be faulty, if it ſufficeth to ery not guilty. Be à vvoman neuer ſo vvicked, if you'l beleeue her, shee's allvvayes innocent. Would to God (Sir) she had had leſſe malice or more Prudence in her holy diſſimulation, to the end vvee might haue ſome colour for th'expreſſion of her loyalty: j am ſure j had bin the firſt that vvould haue credited th'euidence of her vertues, as j vvas the laſt that entertain'd ſuſpition of her infamy. But ſince to her loſſe of honnour shee hath added the contempt of feare, you ought to reſt ſatisfied for hauing reuenged the public-

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ke interests of vertue by the punishment of sinne in this particular.

These arguments accompanied with à counterfeit affection conueyed à kind of insensibility into the mind of *Sifrid*; in so much that all his remorses were but passing birds that gaue à peck or too att Randome, and so retired, but whither by the spells of *Golo* (for he was à notable Maister in witchcraft) or his discours, remaines vncertaine. Whilest j amuse myselfe in the Palace of *Sifrid*, wee leaue our innocent offendresse in the company of the hind, and her little *Benonj*: lett vs returne (if you please) to

her ſolitary grotte. But lett mee tell you whithall, that you muſt no longer contemplate that deſart as the denn of ſerpens, or the reſidence of woulfes, but rather as à ſcoole of vertue, à cloiſter of pennance, and à church of Sanctity.

After the Counteſſe had endured three whole yeares of winter (for the ſunn neuer came to make ſummer ther) in her ſad and ſharpe retirement, euills grew ſoe familiar, that shee no longer feared them, and her Patience arriued to ſuch à high point of perfection, that shee could be pleaſed with miſery, take delight in ſorrow,

ſorrow, and looke vpon her greeuances as ſweets and pleaſures. Vſe facilitates all thinges; what in the beginning ſeemes dreadfull, in the end growes tame and gentle. Poyſon kills, and yett tis knowne that à great King fedd on't for his nourishment. Did you not expect that *Genouefa* would die with impatience for ſoe many woes? Did you not thinke shee would be drowned in her owne teares? and yett behold her euery day offering her miſeries to God in ſacrifices ſoe agreable to his diuine goodneſſe, that he is pleaſed as amply to recompence her frozen ſigthes, as if shee burnt

the whole Arabia and offered it in incence to his glory.

The firſt fauour shee receiued from God (after her three yeares nouiſhipp) was once, when shee was on her knees, in her celle, and her eyes bent to Heauen, in admiring wherof her thoughts employed much time; as her mind, j ſay, was looſing itſelfe in th'immenſityes of Gods workes, shee perceiued à young man twinkling with light to clipp the aire, and bend his ſpeedy courſe to her cabbine. If *Genouefa* had bin ſuperſtitious, shee might haue thought it to be the Moone, which deſcended to be the Diana

of

of that forreſt, or rather the Sunn which came downe to viſitt à place vnknowne to him. But her mind was too cleere to ſtumble on ſoe darke an errour, and shee apprehended that beauty (though encircled with light) rather for an Angell of Heauen then à ſtarr or planett: in which verely her beleefe was not cozened, it being her Angell Guardien ſent thether as an Embaſſadour from Allmighty God..... Tis no eaſy matter to delineate à ſpiritt, becauſe it hath nothing for our ſence to point att; yet as it is poſſible to figure the Sunn with à rude coale, ſoe may wee paint

Angells vnder ſuch exteriour formes as render them viſible to our ſences. That of whom wee ſpeake had à countenance, wher beauty and modeſty were mingled with ſoe diuine à Majeſty, that it had forced adoration from whoſoeuer knew it not to be the ſeruãt onely of allmighty God. It carried in the right hand à pretious Crucifix, wher our Sauiour was ſoe naturally repreſented in cleere Iuory, that one would eaſily ſweare man was not the worker of ſoe rare à Maſter-peece. His haire deſcended careleſly on his bloudy shoulders, his eyes ſeemed to ſwim in death, and his mouth

to

to complaine of th'exceſſe, and cruelty of his Martyrdome.

By that time our *Genouefa* had recouered herſelfe loſt in the admiration of ſoe many wonders, the Angell preſented her à Crucifix ſaying : Genouefa *j am come by the command of God to deliuer you this Crucifix, which hence forward muſt be the obiect of your thoughts, and the cure of your afflictions. If th'anguish of your paines be inſupportable, doe but ſprincle them with this bloud, and you will find à ſweetneſſe in them. If deſpaire aſſaults your mind, retire into theſe wounds (which are the Sanctuary of innocents) and j doe promiſe you ſecure contentments. In a word* Genouefa *this is the buckler that will garde you from the ſtroakes of*

fortu-

fortune, and make aduerſity itſelfe lie proſtrate att your feet; this is the key that will open the gates of Heauen vnto your patience. Receiue then the fauour with an acknowledgment proportionable to itts meritts. Genouefa hũbly bowing receiued the Croſſe vpon which shee reſolued to engraue her victories. Behold à miracle itſelfe! This Crucifix followed our Pœnitent euery wher: if neceſſity call'd her forth, it waited on her: if shee went to gather hearbes and rootes for nourishment, it allwayes kept her cõpagny; if shee continued in her celle, it neuer parted from her elbow. This miracle laſted ſome Monthes, till it ſetled in à cor-

ner

ner of the grotte, wher nature had built à little Alter out of à rocky place, and which our Saint had dreſſed with boughs and flowers. Noe ſooner did ſorrow make attempt vpon her heauy hart, but our Sauiour would ſtretch forth his armes to cherish her, and open his tender ſide, ther to receiue and bury her diſpleaſures. Tis eaſy to diſcloſe ones thoughts to him, that cannot be ignorant of them, and wee haue noe great difficulty in laying downe our afflictions att his feet that knowes to giue them eaſe and remedy.

Tis an errour to thinke ver-

tue

tue is insensible as hauing noe apprehension of misery: euen they that taught it by their wordes, destroy'd it by their actions. The patience of the stoicks was soe farr from enduring euills without resentment, that it neuer beheld them without fainting. The vertue of Christians hath à larger extent, and yett imposeth not such barbarous lawes as that of insensibility. That great man Iob, whose spiritt was nothing but patience, whose body nothing but anguish, retain'd his will euer balanced in th'equall scales of resignation, yett hee permitted his tongue to bewayle his afflictions, and to say

his

his members were not wholly made of braſſe. God himſelfe in the cruelties of death would have his moanes to teſtifie the cõdition he was in, leaſt th'opinion of his inſenſibility should take away the beleefe of his leſſer nature, his humanity. Lett vs immitate his ſubmiſſion, as well as his cryings out: our teares and ſighes will not hinder our patience from being à vertue. O that wee would conforme ourſelues to the perfect example of *Genouefa*! Her conſtancy was an vnmoueable rocke of marble, yett this marble would often weepe: if it ſigthed, t'was to lett you ſee,

ſome-

ſomething more then à ſtatue was afflicted. Shee gaue leaue to her dolours to complaine, but neuer to be impatient. In à word shee reprooued her miſeries with all ſweetneſſe, and of ſeuerall paines produced à moſt bleſſed harmony. One day th'image of all her woes being preſent to her mind, and her eyes turned into two ſpringes of teares, shee fell downe proſtrate att the feet of her croſse, and ſpoake to it louingly thus.

Howv long, my God, howv long vvill you ſuffer vertue to be afflicted? Will not the patience of fiue yeares miſery content you? should j deſtroy your Alters, should j burne your temples, yett th'abundance of my teares ought to

quench

quench your choller for the fact. I fedd myſelfe vvith hopes that my ſorrovves ought not to lime a longer ſpace of time, then my ioyes once did, or att leaſt that my afflictions vvould end in my vvant of povver and ſtrenkth to ſuffer them. But j perceiue novv, you onely gaue mee former pleaſures, to ſeaſon more bitterly my preſent ſufferance, and to render it the more intollerable by the taſt and memory of paſt proſperity. Is it not time to shevv that you are the protectour of innocents, as vvell as the Reuenger of offences? My martyrdome is novv of fiue yeares durance, and nothing in the vvorld hath tried to mitigate it: all creatures ſeeme mercenary as if hired by my ennimies to increaſe my torments. A good diſcourſe is capable to allay or charme a greefe, but poore j haue loſt the uſe of ſpeaking by being remooned from all other

conuerſation then that of bruit and ſauage beaſts. Halfe my vvoes lye panting in the shades of night, vvhileſt ſleepe dares not approach mine eyes, for feare of being drovvned ther, att leaſt of meeting à diſturbance. Surely my miſerie is infectious, ſo loath is any one to keepe it compagny. Hunger, cold, and nakedneſſe are the leaſt of my afflictions, becauſe the hard fortune of this little innocent is more inſupportable to mee then all they. Ah my Lord! if your deſigne be to perſecute the mother for ſome fault shee is ignorant of, yett vvhy take you not the child into your care? Since you know it to be as little culpable for my ſinne, as capable to endure the paine of it? Pardon mee, my God, if greefe knatcheth lamentations from my mouth: j beleeued that ſince j vvas vvholly ignorant from vvhat ſource ſoe many euills

ſprung,

ſprung, i might endeauour to find aſſuagement from thy mercy, which excludes nae creature.

In pronoũcing theſe ſad words ſhee bath'd her Crucifix in the torrent of her eloquent teares, for indeed they ſpoake and expreſſed more, then her tongue was able. Little *Benonj* joyned greefes with his deare mother, and att laſt they both broake out into ſuch lamentable ſobbs and groanings, that the very rocks were not hard anough to be inſenſible of their torments. In fine poore diſtreſſed *Genouefa* continuing her regretts, and embraſing amorouſly her Crucifix, ſaid O my God, Alas

my God, how haue j offended thee to deſerue theſe rigours, theſe extremities? But ô wonder! Whileſt the Counteſſe was ſpeaking, ſhee heard the image of our Sauiour reply in this manner.

What now (Daughter) what reaſon vrgeth you to make complaints? You aske what crime hath brought you into ſolitude; and tell mee what ſinne did nayle mee on the Croſſe? Are you more innocent then j, or doe your euills exceed mine? You are without crime, and am j guilty? You neuer ſo much as thought on the infamy with which your reputation is obſcured; and am j a magitian or ſeducer, as mine enimies reproachd mee? You receiue no conſolation from creatures; will not that of the Creator ſatisfie you? Noe body hath compaſſion of your afflictions; and

and who was touch'd att mine? Euen insensible creatures fly from the compagny of your paines; and did not the Sunn itselfe refuse to behold mine? Your sonne augments your sorrowes, and doe you thinke my distressed mother lessened my torments? Cheer vp my Daughter, comfort thyselfe, and leave mee the care of thy affaires: consider sometimes that euen he that created all good thinges, hath endured all euills. If thou compareſt thy chalice to mine, thou wilt drinke it of with pleasure, and thanke mee for the fauour j doe thee, in letting thee liue in dolours, that thou mayst die in the ioyes of a life loaden with the meritts of a blessed patience.

T'would be superfluous to tell you this little check confounded our holy Countesse; but

j eſteeme it not vnprofitable to tell you his diſcourſe gaue her ſuch hart, and reſolution, that all her thornes were turned into roſes; her bitterneſſe into ſweetneſſe; her torments into pleaſures: and indeed the deſſigne of God was to animate her patience, and not to driue her to deſpaire, by that chiding. From that time *Genouefa* demanded nothing but miſeries of God, and God gaue nothing but delights to *Genouefa*. To teſtifie that her vertue was not vnknowne to him, and that her innocency came very neere that of our firſt parent in the joyes of Paradice, God abſolute-

ly gaue

ly gaue her à command and authority ouer the rage of beasts, and liberty of birds. T'was an ordinarie thing for the Hinde to succle her little child, and lie in the caue with it and the mother, meerly to warme their stiffe and frozen members. And afterward Foxes, Hares, and young woulfes would come to play with little *Benonj*. The birds contested, who should bee first taken. Wilde boares had no rage, staggs no feare in her presence: on the contrary one would sweare the Princesse had chang'd their natures, by making them compassionate of her afflictiõs, and euen inspired beasts

with ſo much reaſon as made them readily acknowledge her neceſſityes.

One day she was cloathing her ſonne in old tratter'd clouts in the preſence of à woulfe, which ſuddenly departed, and went to deuoure à Lambe, with whoſe skinn it return'd and preſented it to *Genouefa*, as if it had bin endowed with ſo much reaſō and judgment, as to diſcerne what was fitt and proper for the cherishing the little infant: the bleſſed Saint accepted of the preſent yett gaue à round chiding to the woulfe for drawing her good from an others euill, and benefitting

ting her child to the prejudice of an other innocent.

Will you not say (my deare Reader) that *Sifrids* court is full of sauage beasts, and that *Genouefas* caue abounds with Courtiers? All the difference is that ther men act the cruellties of woulfes, and heere woulfes play the ciuill, curteous, and obliging parts of men. Compare the felicity of th'one with the other, and you will find the same difference, as is betweene the pleasures of good and bad spiritts: tis true indeed the Earth brought few or noe contentments to this holy caue, but Heauen was sollicitous of it, and powred

à thousand benedictions on it. Nature contributed nothing to the happinesse of this desart, but Grace made euen beasts become the ministers of Charity ād Courtshipp. This is so copious à subject, that the feare of troubling my Reader, hinders my desire to speake of all passages. I passe therfore in silence those felicities, of which j cannot giue you à more perfect draught, then by comparing them to the joyes, of Paradice; for indeed *Genouefa* found in the obedience of beasts all those seruices, which shee could justly haue expected in the howse of her owne husband.

One

One thing j cannot omitt, becauſe tis full of inſtruction. Ther was neere the caue à very faire and cleare fountaine, which was more then halfe the meanes of her ſubſiſtance. Whither the holy Counteſſe had euer looked on herſelfe through the criſtall of that ſtreame j know not, but one time as shee was caſting downe her eyes (either purpoſely, or by chance) and diſcerned the wrincles of her forehead, shee had difficulty to know herſelfe; the remembrance of what shee once was, taking away her beleefe of being what shee now appeared.

Is it

Is it Genouefa *(said shee?) Not certainly, tis some other, and not myselfe i looke on? Is it possible that these languishing, these deiected eyes haue euer kindled so many flames? Surely this face so plouued vp in furrowes, soe resembling the rude barke of an aged tree is not that, which once made iuory itselfe to blush: these defaced cheekes are nothing like to them, wher roses and lillies seemed all wayes to reside. But whither doth my errour lead mee? Alas! I feele too sensibly that those miseries i endure haue no other subiect but the deplorable* Genouefa. *O cruell afflictions since yea haue made soe strange a Metamorphosis, i must needs speake yea barbarous Answere mee (yea Mercilesse euills) vvhat haue yea done vvith the snovv of my complexion? Perhapps yea haue distill'd it into teares: but haue i (allready drown'd in teares) more miseries yett to vveepe*

for

for? O Genouefa, *poore* Genouefa, *thou art no more then à figure of vvhat thou hast bin; thou remaineſt onely à meere and empty shadovv of thyſelfe: Ah poore* Genouefa, *poore* Genouefa.

Whileſt the Counteſſe was thus lamenting, and endeauouring to know herſelfe in the ſtreame, ſhee preſently beheld à Dietty ther, reſſembling thoſe Nymphes, whom Poetts make inhabitans of the water. Her mind was immediately rauisht with admiration of ſuch à Majeſty: her deſire inuited her to caſt herſelfe downe att the feet of this Goddeſſe, as att the Alter of mercy, wher shee hoped her afflictions might

might bee turned into trew felicities: but a reuerend reſpect gaue law to her deſire. Thus wauering betweene reſolution, and feare, shee heard a voice on one ſide of her, which notwithſtanding ſeemed to come from that Mouth which appeared in the water. Shee turn'd, and beheld the Queene of Angells, her good Aduocate, who ſpoake to her in theſe tearmes.

Verely (my daughter) you haue excellent Reaſon to complaine for the loſſe of that, which muſt needs be extreamly worthy of your wish ſince ſee much aduantageous. It ſeemes you are no longer beautifull, Ah Genouefa, *if you had neuer bin ſo, to this hower*

you had bin happy. Beauty is the onely crime, for which you ſuffer; and indeed you ſhould not greeue for the loſſe of that which is not to be coueted. That thinge which you deſire, and now want, hath heap'd deſtruction vpon halfe the world; planted Idolatrie; and draŵen men into the liberty of all vices. Ah if you knew how agreable your black is to my ſonne, you ŵould greeue to thinke you were once of an other heŵ. Recollect your ſelfe (my Daughter) and retire into your better thoughts: complaine no more of your afflictions, ſince of thoſe thornes you may build a Croŵne of glorie, and of thoſe teares make a torrent of eternall happineſſe.

Scarce had the Queene of Heaven concluded her Remonſtrãce, when a pure cloud, as bright, as ſiluer, knatcht her frõ the ſight of

our

our bleſſed Saint; who remained full of gladneſſe and confuſion: of gladneſſe, for hauing ſeene that, which in Heauen ſhall partly bleſſe our ſenſes; of confuſion, for hauing made too great account of her paſt beauty. This viſitt gaue her addition of new courrage to endure, and of new reſolution to bee patient; for shee would often ſpeake to God Allmighty in this manner.

Well my deare and freindly ſpouſe, is it your pleaſure that Genouefa *ſuffer to the end? I am content, intending to continue no leſſe faithfull and obedient to your diuine will in the perplexities of my Sorrow then in the proſperities of my better fortune. You ha-*

ue

ve pleaſed to teach mee, that nothing in the world but your goodneſſe is à fitt ſubiect for loue, and therfore (my God) j haue noe embraces, but for yourſelfe, rendring you infinite thankes, for hauing ſteeped mee in gall and miſery ther-by to weane mee from the loue of creatures. Alas my poore Hart what would become of thee if God had not hindred thee from obeing thine owne inclinations? Queſtionleſſe vanity would nowv haue poſſeßion in thee. O my God, howv am j bound to thee for hauing furnished mee vvith beneſitts by the loſſe of ſoe inconſiderable à trifle? What could j hope for in the hovvſe of my husband but à voluntary ſeruitude; an honorable ſlauery; and chaines, vvhich are not leſſe troubleſome, for being guilded. Moreouer vvhat cõtentment could j expect by ſeing in à Pallace the meere shadovves, and pictu-

res of ſuch thinges, as nature doth heere preſent mee vvith in their moſt quick and liuely beauty? Doe j not manifeſtly ſee the Heauen vvith all its ſtarrs, vvhich like ſoe many open eyes obſerve continually my patience? Is not every creature à looking-glaſſe to mee, vvherin j may behold ſome image of my God. Is ther any one that ſpeakes not of him? Doe not theſe little vvaves (Which runn haſtily to the boſome of the Sea) teach and tell mee thus: Genouefa *behold hovv thou ought'ſt to fly into the boſome of thy God? Doe not theſe little chirping birds inſtruct mee from morning to night hovv to ſing his praiſes? Well then, vvhat can j hope for more? For honnours? They are vaine. For greatneſſe? That is dangerous. For knowledge? That is preiudiciall. For freindshipps? They are counterfeit. For pleaſures? They are be-*

aſtly

aſtly. Ah my God j nouv humbly acknouvledge the ſuveetneſſe of thy Providence : thy holy name be bleſſed for ſauing à poore creature, vvho had othervvayes yeilded to the fading pleaſures of the vvorld; had neuer followed thy allurements, vnleſſe they had bin lowd; nor thy inſpirations vnleſſe they had bin violent and forcible. I am infinitily oblidged to thee for thy fauours, and my obligation appeares yett greater, vvhē j conſider thou haſt conſtrayn d mee to bee happy euen againſt my vvill making my ſolitude à Paradice, vvher all felicities abound.

Whileſt our Saint was looſing herſelfe in the pure and innocent joyes of vertue, *Sifrid* had neither quiett nor contentment in the jollities of his family. The night preſented him no-

thing but darke shades, and ſad phantomes: the day ſeemed onely to giue him light that he might the better ſee the abſence of his *Genouefa*; his mind was vexed with melancoly and diſtempered thoughts without intermiſſion; and his onely pleaſure was to fly the conuerſation of all people. Often was hee obſeru'd to raue on the bankes of a neibouring Riuer, and by th'inconſtancy of the waues, to meaſure the floting varieties of his owne fancyes; and then as if that humour had rendred him vnſociable and wild, he would ſteale himſelfe from th'attendance of his

his ſeruants, that his ſigthes might haue the more liberty to vent themſelues in the horrour of à thick forreſt; euen menacing his owne shadow, if an obſcure neceſſity obliged it to keepe him compagny. Who is able to repreſent his furie and diſpaire, when his Memory gaue him this item: Thou haſt Killed thy *Genouefa*, thou haſt butchered thy ſonne, thou haſt taken life from thy poore Seruant, the pale Ghoſts of all whom inceſſantly purſue thee. *Genouefa* wher art thou, my Deare wher art thou? I verely beleeue that if *Golo* had bin within his reach att that inſtant,

the Palatin would haue renewed the Cuſtome of ſacrificing to th'-infernall Gods; but the ſubtill villaine very ſeaſonably counterfeited the neceſſity of à journey, when he perceiued his Maiſter to harpe vpon à ſtring, that ſounded ſoe harsh in his perfidious eares; and t'was well hee did ſoe, for had his ill fortune ſtayed him in the howſe. his life had queſtionleſſe found à ſudden periode; eſpecially after the terrible and dreadfull viſion of *Drogan*. I will not ſay it was an illuſion of his mind now ſick with melancoly; for i am ſure that Allmighty God doth many times permitt

departed

departed ſoules to returne for the good of ſuruiuing perſones. Examples are ſufficient arguments of this truth; for wee read that the rich man in the Goſpell (who was allwayes cloathed in Scarlett) demanded of God to returne into this world, that he might avert his brother from the punishments of the next. Behold the mãner of our Palatins viſion.

Once being in bed, he heard about Midnight ſome body walke in great ſtepps vp and downe the chamber: he preſently drew the curtaines of his bed, and perceiuing nothing, laid himſelfe downe againe to ſleepe. But about

à quarter of an hower after, the ſame noiſe diſturbing him, he perceiued in the middle of his chamber à tall man, pale and thinn, dragging att his heeles à huge burthen of chaines, to which hee ſeemed faſt bound. This horrible Ghoſt appearing in the dead ſeaſon of an obſcure night, was capable of frighting and caſting into à ſwoon any man that had leſſe currage then *Sifrid*; but he, with à braue, confident boldneſſe, asked the ſpiritt what it came for; without shewing the leaſt feare, as judging that he, who had neuer apprehended Death itſelfe, should be vnworthy, and degene-

rate

rate now to tremble att à shadow. Yet j muſt tell you hee could not hinder à cold ſweat from trickling downe his body, eſpecially when he ſaw the ſpirit becken him to come to it, which he did notwithſtanding, following it through à courtyard into à little garden, wher it ſuddenly diſappeared, leauing the Count more aſtonisht att its flight, then if it had continued to bare him dreadfull and vnpleaſing compagny. The Moone endeauoured alſoe to increaſe his feare, for hauing shewen him (to that inſtant) wher he was, shee immediately withdrew her light,

leauing him in the darke to crawle and groape for his chamber doare. Being return'd to bed, he immagin'd that tall, cold man was now lying by him, then that it embraced him; he therefore call'd vp his ſeruants, who found him as pale and wann as à dead carcaſſe. Yet he diſcouered not his feare till morning. But ſcarce did the day begin to peepe, when he commanded ſome inferiour ſervants to digg in the garden, wher the Ghoſt vanished, and by that time they had peirced the Earth two foot deepe, they hapned on the bones of à dead man loaden with yron-fetters. A ſeruant ſtanding

ding by, told *Sifrid* that the Governour had cauſed the body of vnfortunate *Drogan* to bee caſt into the very place, wher now they foūd his carcaſſe. The Count ordered it to be buried, and Maſſes to be ſaid for the quiett of his ſoule departed. Since which time the Caſtle was free from dreadfull noiſes: but the Palatins owne mind was à ſpiritt that cōtinually haunted him with more terrible immaginations, then mad men labour with in their greateſt furies.

T'was then that he acknowledg'd his fearefull apprehenſions to be th'effects of his paſt crime.

Nothing

Nothing could diuert him from his darke and deepe conceipts: hee had perpetually before his eyes the immages of three innocents, which hee beleeued to be murthered by his injuſtice. Hee was often heard to vtter theſe wordes: O *Genouefa*, how thou doſt torment mee? His freinds laboured to diuert his melancholy, but the hand of God perſued him in euery corner, and the horrour of his owne crime would neuer leaue him. The Diuell (wherſoere hee goes) carrieth his Hell about him; and à guilty man cannot be without his Executioner. *Sifrid* had offended by

the

the ſuddaine precipitation of a wicked ſentence, and God (whoſe proceedings are contrary) chaſtized him by ſlow and lingring torments, to make vs know how dangerous à thinge it is not to aske councell of our Reaſon in all the occurrent Accidents of humaine life.

But whileſt wee amuſe ourſelues with the confuſion of our Palatin, wee looſe the good diſcourſe of bleſſed *Genouefa*. The ſeauenth yeare was now farr ſpent in ſolitude, when young *Benonj* began to haue, not onely à ſence of his afflictions, but alſoe the full and perfect vſe of Reaſon.

His

His mother omitted nothing that might contribute to his instruction; for (hauing neither the meanes, nor the will to leaue him the goods of fortune) shee was desirous att least to furnish him with such riches, as makes euen Pouerty itselfe à treasure. All her care was to insinuate into him the knowledge of God; the loue and reuerence wee owe him; and that he was not like to those beasts he plaid with, because his soule was immortall, and could neuer die, wheras beasts had but à temporary existence; and died without leauing à surviuing power behind them. Morning

ning and euening shee made him kneele before the Crosse, and would neuer permitt him to sucke the Hind, till he had sayd his prayers, to which he testified so ready an inclination, that his mother was transported with contentment. Hee asked her à thousand little questions, which were cleere tokens of the quaintnesse of his Nature, and the sollidity of his growing judgement. But the poore Mother would often weepe, when shee considered that her sonne merited à better scoole thē à Dungeō, and more noble Scoolefollows then wild and sauage beasts. Shee would neuer satisfie his

his requeſt in letting him know the ſubject of her teates; but would allwayes prudently diſſemble in this particular, beleeuing herſelfe obl g'd, not to increaſe his woes, by diſcouering who was the Authour of them

I cannot omitt à paſſage, which allmoſt endangered the life of *Genouefa*. One day as the child was ſetting on her lapp, and ſtroaking her with his little hand, he prattled thus Mother you command mee often to ſay our father which ar't in Heauen, but j prey mother who is my father. Ah thou little innocent, what doſt thou doe. This demãde is

de is capable of deſtroying thy tender mother. Seriouſly *Genouefa* was ready to ſwoon att his vvords, but recouering her ſpiritts, and hugging her deare ſonne about the neck, shee tould him: My child your father is God; haue j not allready acquainted you with this truth. Behold his faire pallace, ſee his howſe, Heauen is the place of his habitation. But mother doth he knovv mee? Ah my ſonne (replied *Genouefa*) extreamely vvell, he knovves, and loues thee too. Hovv comes it then to paſſe (ſaid *Benonj*) that he is ſoe ſparing of his benefitts, and prodigall of af-

fliction? My child it is à cozening beleefe that makes transitory and vaine goods the arguments of his loue, vvhen moſt aſſuredly the neceſſity'es and preſſures wee groane vnder, doe ſignifie his louing hart, and paternall care tovvards vs. And riches are nothing but à trapp to catch ſoules in, and à meanes by vvhich God doth often punish the vvicked, reſeruing gifts and fauours for his freinds in the next vvorld. Little *Benonj* gaue good eare and attention to his diſcourſe, but vvhen he heard the different Fate of good and bad people, and that ther vvas an other vvorld; he could

could no longer hold from interrupting *Genouefa* in this māner. Hovv ſay you Mother? Hath my father more children beſides mee? And Mother j prey vvher is that other vvorld you mention? O Sonne (anſvvered the Counteſſe) God is à great and rich Father, vvho is not the leſſe mighty for hauing an infinity of children, in regard he hath infinite treaſures to beſtovv amoungſt them. Albeit thy trauells vvere neuer beyond this vvilderneſſe, yett thou muſt of neceſſity knovv, that ther are tovvnes and prouinces, inhabited vvith men and vvoemen; of vvhich ſome vvalke in the

paths of vertue, others vvallovv in the ſinke of vvikedneſſe They vvho (like true children) reſpect and honour God, shall one day enjoy him in Heauen, and in him à million of contentments. On the contrary they that offend him, shall be chaſtiz'd in Hell; which is à vaſt place vnder ground full of fire, and torments. Now make your choiſe: wee haue all the right in the world to be in the firſt Rancke, ſince all that are miſerable like vs (prouided their afflictions be voluntary, att leaſt that they be reſigned in them to the will of God) are ſure to goe to Heauen; which is the other world

world j ſpoak of. *Benony's* curioſity made him aske when they should goe to Heauen; shee answered, after death.

The poore innocent had never comprehended all his mothers instructions, but that the bountifull goodneſſe of God was pleas'd to be his Miſtreſſe, enriching inwardly his little ſoule with lights of vnderſtanding, and infuſing into it all thoſe ſubtill notions, which others onely purchaſe with th'expence of much ſtuddy and experience. He had neuer ſeene a man, and yett he as perfectly conceiu'd, what was meant by townes, and Prouinces,

as if he had trauelled the world out. He vnderſtood the natu-re, ſubſtance, and facultyes of the Soule, as well as if hee had heard Philoſophers diſcours and argue about th'immortality therof. Indeed hee was knowing aboue his aage, and endew'd with learning much aboue the capacity of his infant-yeares. Experience had never told him what death was, but in few dayes after, he allmoſt beheld th'example of it in the perſon of his deare Mother: Fow now continuall ſorrowes, teadious afflictions, and waſting neceſſity's had conſumed her body, which you may well thinke was of no

of no courſe mettall, as hauing bin nurſed in the delicacy's of à glorious Court. Six whole defacing winters, and as many ſummers had shee now endured, in ſoe much, that she had difficulty to know herſelfe. Shee was now à meere Anatomy: The rootes which gaue her nourishment, had now metamorphoſed her faire body into Earth. Iudge then if à little ſickneſſe added to her other inconueniency's, was not capable to deſtroy à body, which, being waſted by extreame dolours, impaired by intollerable auſterity's, and tortured by à million of ſmarting cares, was ſure to

ſall att the leaſt breath or puffe. And yett notwithſtanding behold à violent feauer ſo faſtned to the ſmall remainder of her blood, and inflaming of it with ſuch furie, that (poore Hart) shee expects no other remedy then preſent death. But little *Benonj* perceiuing his Mothers eyes to languish, gaue ſuch à loud and peircing skreeke, that the flying ſoule could not chooſe but heare it: he alſoe powred forth ſuch à ſtreame of teares vpon her, that he endangered the quenching that little heat and life which remained in her. In fine *Genouefa* recouering out of à long ſwoon, shee fixt her

her eyes awhile vpon the louely ſubject of her woes, then hauing aſſured him he was the ſonne of à great Lord, and telling him all that to this inſtant shee had concealed, shee made this laſt additiō.

O my ſonne, behold the happy day that muſt conclude my torments. I haue no cauſe to complaine of Death, hauing no Reaſon to wish for life. I am leauing the world without regrett, hauing liued in't vvithout deſire. If j be capable of any ſorrow, tis to leaue thee without ſupport or comfort in ſuch miſeries, as thine innocency neuer merited. To deale plainly thus conſideration would more ſenſibly touch my Hart, if ſecurer thoughts did not force mee to committ thine and my intereſts into his hands that is the father of Or-

phins, *and the powerfull ſupport of Innocents. Tis to him that j leaue the care of thy education; tis from him thou muſt expect releefe, and ſuccour. Fly amorouſly into his armes, and lett thy confidence riſe from the conſideration of his goodneſſe. I will not haue thee thinke of thy poore Mother, ſince shee onely brought thee forth into the world to ſuffer, and be miſerable. Yett if my former cares and tenderneſſe doe call vpon thy gratitude, thus is all j challenge from it: I coniure thee (my deare child) to bury with my body, thy reſſentment for my iniuries; for ſince God alone doth know their meaſure, hee alone can vſe proportion in their punishment. The chaſtiſing of iniuſtice is neuer iuſt, when wee (that are the ſubiects of the crime) are authours of the vengeance. Moreouer (my deare* Benonj) *the wrong j endure, is of ſoe*

ſtrange

ſtrange à nature, that thou canſt not ſhew à zeale to my vindication, without offending Piety itſelfe; nor reuenge thy Mother without committing outrage on thy Father. Thou would'ſt att beſt but ſcowre thy hands by waſhing them in blood, and giue thyſelfe freſh woundes by curing of the old. I know tis hard to ſuffer without complaining fitts, therfore j doe not councell thee to inſenſibility. Feele thy paines, ſince nature challengeth noe leſſe, yett ſinke not vnder them, ſince vertue warnes the contrary. Reſpect rather the good pleaſure of God, who permitts our afflictions, then their bad diſpoſitions, who procure them. If nature inuites thee to à deſire of vengeance, Grace doth draw thee backe againe, if humaine Reaſon erroniouſly commands it, the diuine moſt prudently forbidds it. If impatience perſwades it, à more ſweet,

and

and ſetled temper makes thee loath it. In fine if th'example of men pusheth thee vpon't, that of God doth plucke thee from it. In this caſe vvee muſt rather obey our iudgement, then our inclination; and rather heare reaſon, then hearken to our Sences. I hope the Mercy of God vvill doe vs iuſtice, and make the vvhole vvorld acknovvledge thee to be the ſonne of à Mother, vvhoſe guilt is too little, for ſo great à diſreputation, and vvhoſe innocence too cleere to meritt ſoe vniuſt à punishment. To conclude (my deare child) vvhen thou haſt buried mee, doe as the inſpirations of God ſhall prompt thee: if they encline thee homevvardes to thy father, doe ſoe vvithout difficulty. Thou haſt quallities anough to manifeſt thy perſonne; beſides, the reſſemblance of his and thy countenance vvill not lett him to miſtake thee, vnleſſe he hath

forgott

forgott to knovv himſelfe. For my part ſince thou canſt expect no beneſitt from my hands, but vvishes and benedictions, j giue them thee in ſuch abundance, as itt shall pleaſe God to diſpoſe of them.

Hauing ſpoake thus, shee made *Benonj* kneele, washing his little face with the Remnãt of her teares. Fancy to yourſelfe the pitiouſneſſe of this ſpectacle. Poore *Genouefa* expects the end of her afflictions, poore *Benonj* the entrance into his. Death ſeing them in this poſture makes haſt to giue her the laſt ſtroake of furie. But ſoft: it is not yett time to ſteale away ſo pretious à life: shee muſt not die till the juſtice of God hath

rendred

rendred her her reputatiõ. O death, what ſpoiles or booty canſt thou hope for, in ſoe miſerable à creature, ſince her body hath not flesh anough to make thy wormes à banquett? You will knaw her bones, alas! ſorrowes haue done that allready. Thou pretendſt perhapps to increaſe the number of thy ghoſts; Oh then let her liue, ſince shee is nothing but à shaddow of herſelfe.

Whileſt our bleſſed Counteſſe was expecting death, two Angells fairer then the Sun enter'd her caue, filling it with light and ſweetneſſe; then approaching her bed of leaues and boughs, one of

ne of them, being her Angell Gardian, toutch her and ſaid thus: Liue *Genouefa*, God will haue it ſoe: then opening her dying eyelidds shee perceiued the Angells, who ſuddenly departed, leauing her not onely health, but aſtonishment for ſoe miraculous à cure. Gods workes are euer perfect in à moment; wheras on the contrary men produce à good by inches, ſtriuing leiſurely to remedy à ſickneſſe by ſuch meanes, as often giues the Patient fresh torments. But the Phiſitian of Heaven giues à full and perfect health, by onely commanding the malady to retire. As ſoone as the Angells

Angells left the place, ſhee riſſe from her bed, as luſty as before her ſickneſſe: vpon ſight of her, one would ſweare it was rather à reſurrection, then à recouery. The child wept for ioy to ſee his mothers life renew'd, shee for greefe of being driuen from the hauen into à new tempeſt.

Cheer vp *Genouefa*; giue à check vnto your ſorrowes: God is ſatisfied att your ſufferings, not doubting your fidelity, which he acknowledgeth by your long patience. Your woes haue runn their courſe, your miſeries are ended, your Crowne is finished, your glory hath bin too long buried

buried in the pitt of infamy, tis time it breack forth, and appeare with its faire and shining beames of innocency.

Seauen yeates were allmoſt now exſpired ſince *Sifrid* and *Genouefa* began to ſuffer; one in the horrours of à crime, which onely ignorance made him act; the other in afflictions, which onely damn'd injuſtice heap'd vpon her. But God pleaſing to manifeſt his errour, and her innocency, permitted the lewd Sorcereſſe (att whoſe howſe the Count had ſeene th'immaginary and ſuppoſed fault of *Genouefa*) to be apprehended, accuſed and

conuinced of ſuch crimes, as shee had not power to denie, though for the moſt part they were falſe and forg'd againſt her. Being now faſtned to the ſtake, and ready to expiate her ſinnes in flames of fire, shee craued leaue of juſtice to ſpeake à word or two, which was preſently granted. After her open confeſſion of many faults, shee proteſted that her guilt for defaming à ſpottleſſe lady, lay moſt heauy on her conſcience. The miniſters of juſtice tooke notice of her wordes, commanding her to explicate this laſt point, which shee did, auowing that *Sifrid* the Palatin, had putt his wife to death,

vpon

vpon ſuch meere ſuſpitions, as her deluding Magicke gaue him. The witch made à ſolleme affirmation of this buiſneſſe, which being reported to *Sifrid*, he was infinitely afflicted att the newes, yet had the comfort to perceiue, that though his wife was loſt beyond recouery, yett shee died att leaſt without approoued infamy.

Who can deſcribe the rage of his incenſed mind, the menaces of his choller againſt *Golo*, and the ſweet lamentations of his hart for his deare wife and ſonne. Once he ſaid:

Ah cruell hangman, was it not anough to ruinate my howſe, without

hazarding the honnour of it? If enuie vrg'd thee to à Maſſacre of innocent blood, why didſt thou not inuent ſome meanes to act thy cruelty with leſſe imputation? Could you not thinke you did anough, vnleſſe you added impudence to your injuſtice? O that thou hadſt à hundred liues to expiate the horrour of thy crime, and then (thou Traitour) thou shouldſt looſe one by fire, an other by my doggs, an other by my ſword, and all the reſt by as many ſeuerall deathes, as thy malice had deceipts in the ruine of my poore Genouefa. *But alas! thou ar't dead my deare wife; thou ar't dead my ſweet and innocent child. Your bloods cry to Heauen for vengeance againſt mee, and ſeeme to brand my forehead with the ſhame of my vnworthyneſſe. May I dare to aske pardon for à faults, which onely my credulity committed? Since yea are*

as good

as good as yea are innocent, why may i not hope this fauour from your mercyes? If an extraordinary ſinne may be expiated by an extraordinary punuſhment, i promiſe yea to expiate mine in ſuch à way, and to waſh my hands in the tainted blood of him that cauſed it.

It would be an endleſſe taſke to tell you all the maledictions which his fury vttered againſt *Golo*: but conſidering that one muſt not fright the birds, which he intēds to catch *Sifrid* ouer-rul'd his paſſion by his judgment, and diſſembled his diſpleaſure for feare of looſing his deſſigne. *Golo* had now for two yeares together liu'd att his owne howſe, and neuer came to waite vpon the

Palatin, but when ciuility conſtrain'd him to that duty. What does *Sifrid*? He orders the buiſneſſe ſoe, that he could no wayes eſcape. He intreats him by lettre to come, and beare him compagny in à publike hunting: indeed the deſſigne was true, but no body tould him, he was the game aimed att. Heervpon behold him in the pallace of the Count, and by à quick ſentéce, in the ſame priſon, wher he ſoe long detain'd his innocent miſtreſſe.

Say novv vvhither God be juſt, vvhither he ſleepes; and whither his Prouidence doth lett vertue ſuffer, and wikedneſſe to triumph.

triumph. *Golo* novv ſigthes for feare, *Genouefa* for loue: he looſeth himſelfe in the horrours of his punishment, shee herſelfe in the ſweet and pleaſing extaſies of ſolitude. But all this is nothing, you shall preſently ſee, that God vſeth the malice of wicked people, as wee doe ſerpents, whoſe poiſon wee find out, and whoſe heads wee crush in peeces. The Palatin hauing charg'd his diſcretion to mannage the deſſigne, reſolues to inuite his kindred to à feaſt on twelfe-day, an'd after the ſolemnity, to deliuer *Golo* into their hands. To this effect he makes his prouiſions, and pre-

pares à moſt ſumptuous banquett. All the elements conſpir'd to furniſh him with delicacy's; and the Count deſirous to contribute ſomething of his owne labour, reſolues to goe à hunting. Th'appointed day had no ſooner diſſipated the darke shades of night, and awakned the chirping birds, but *Sifrid* went out to proſecute his juſt intentions.

T'would be an intricate buiſneſſe to deſcribe the ſubtill turnings and euaſions of the hares; the craft of fallowdeere, the flight of ſtaggs, and the retreat of wild boares. Though ſuch à diſcourſe might rellish, and be pleaſing,

yett

yett (being from my purpoſe) it would be vnprofitable. Moreouer j haue ſoe many neceſſary things to mention, that j willingly omitt all ſuperfluity's. Whileſt the chace is hott Allmighty God prepares his ſtroake, but in à manner alltogeather full of love and ſweetneſſe. No ſooner was the Palatin wandered from the reſt of the compagny, but hee perceiu'd à Hind in the border of the wood (it was the Nurſe of his pretty ſonne) heerupon he clapps ſpurrs to his horſe, but shee gain'd the middle of the foreſt, ther brushing through the thicketts ſo leiſurely as if shee

coueted to be à priſe, att leaſt to be purſued. *Sifrid* followed her ſoe cloſe, that shee was forc'd to find her ſafety in à neibouring caue, (alas it was that of our innocent Counteſſe.) As he was ready to lett fly à jauelin att the poore beaſt, he ſpied ſomething in the caue not much vnlike à woman, but that shee was naked, hauing no other garment then à long and thick haire, which in à manner couered her whole body. This ſpectacle drew him 'neerer, till att laſt he perfectly diſcern'd it to be à woman, to whoſe boſome the Hind was fled for Sanctuary. The Count and

Coun-

Counteſſe were ſtroak with two different admirations: *Sifrid* was aſtonisht att the tameneſſe of the beaſt, and the extreame neceſſity of his wife, whom he apprehended rather for à bear then à Chriſtian: and *Genouefa* (who for ſeauen yeares together was onely viſited by Angells) admired to ſee her husband, whom shee knew, though not knowne by him. After that à mutuall amazement gaue way for ſucceeding thoughts, the Palatin entreated her to approach him neerer; but *Genouefa* (whoſe modeſty would not ſuffer her to appeare naked) demãded ſomething of him to couer her,

her, which he granted, letting fall his coat, which shee butned about her; and then *Sifrid* immediately aduanced towards her, and asked her many queſtions.

O admirable wiſdome of Allmighty God! During their diſcourſe, the goodneſſe of Heauen awakened, and rowſed vp the remembrance of *Genouefa* in the ſoule of *Sifrid*, who preſently entreated of her, her name, her coũtry, and the reaſon why shee was retired into ſuch à fearfull deſert:

Sir (ſaid Genouefa *) j am à poore vvoman of Brabant, vvhom neceſſity hath driuen into this corner of the vvorld, becauſe els vvher j vvanted all releefe and ſuccour. Tis true, j was*

maried

maried to à man, that might haue helpd mee, had his vvill bin correſpondent to his powver: but the ſuſpition vvhich he too readily entertain'd of my fidelity, made him yeild to my deſtruction, and to à childs, vvho vvas neuer gots in ſinne, as vvas imputed. And if the ſeruants, that vvere cõmanded to robb mee of life, had bin as forvvard in the execution, as others vvere impudent in my condemnation, j had not liu'd for ſeauen yeares ſpace in ſolitude, vvher j haue ſubſiſted by the onely helpe of aire, vvater and ſome rootes, vvhich haue hetherto prolong'd not alone my life, but my afflictions.

During this ſad ſtory loue ſpoake in the hart of *Sifrid*, whoſe eyes were ſearching in her decayed face ſome markes of his deare wife. His ſigthes, tould him;

him; Certainly this is *Genouefa*: but th'extreame miſery of our metamorphos'd Pœnitent, would not lett him ſettle in that opinion. He thought the malice of *Golo* was too prudent, att leaſt too ſubtill to permitt her to liue, that was the ſubject of his hatred. And yett he heard her ſay, that à ſuſpition was the cauſe of her misfortune: that shee was of Brabant: that her husband was à perſon of ranck and quallity: and that ther was à plott againſt her life. O how preualent, how forcible is loue! That very face, which ſoe many rude auſterities had impaired, giues him perfect euidence

euidence of that hee lookd' for. But my deare freind, ſaid he, how are you called, what is your name? Sir, my name is *Genouefa*. Att theſe wordes, the Count leapes from his horſe, and hugging her in his armes, cry's out.

Is it thee then (my deare Genouefa*?) Alas tis very thee, vvhom j haue long vvept, and moan'd for, as if thou had'ſt bin dead. Whence ſpings thus happineſſe to embrace her, vvhom j am vnvvorthy euen to looke on? How ſhall j behaue myſelfe in her preſence, vvhom j haue murthered, att leaſt in my deſire, and ſentence? Ah! (My deare) pardon à guilty perſon, vvho confeſſing his ovvne ſinne, auoucheth your innocency. Since j haue as it vvere killed you ſoe often, j tender my ovvne*

life

life into your hands, to be disposd of as your pleasure shall determine. I will no longer liue, then you will haue mee, since my life and death depend wholly upon your iustice.

Tis most certaine that the greatest greefes are mute, hauing neither power to expresse themselues by teares, nor lamentatiõs. Tis alsoe most true, that immoderate joyes are dũbe and speechlesse; for example, after this first incounter, the Count and Countesse stood fixt, and immoueable (like two statues of marble) without power to vtter one syllable for à good while.

Genouefa meditated on the sweet prouidence of God, who restored

reſtored her honour to her by ſuch wayes, as were rather miracles then miraculous, and *Sifrid* could not anough admire, and looke vpon that Countenance, which heertofore he had ſo loved, and which he now reſpected as the better part of à bleſſed Saint. All her languishing miſeries had not ſoe much conſum'd her body, but ther remained yett ſome reliques of her former beauty, which pierced the hart of *Sifrid*, in regard he now saw he had perſecuted vertue though richly encloſed, and couered by ſoe faire à body. As ſoone as theſe amaſing extaſies gaue him

liberty to ſpeake, the firſt word he vttered was this : *Genouefa*, wher is my poore little boy? Wher is the miſerable ſonne of à father, whoſe misfortune hath bin greater then his wikedneſſe? Then the Princeſſe who perceiu'd the reall ſorrow of her husband, and beheld in his teares the immage of his ſoule, being deſirous to giue à ſmooth calme and peace to his vnſetled mind, vſed him with wonted freedome, and ſeem'd to comfort him in this manner.

O my loue, neither lett my miſery's nor your errour dvvell longer in your memory. Since wee haue no other povver ouer the time paſt, but to forgett it, lett

it, lett vs not add to our afflictions by ſeeming vnable to redreſſe or cure them. God hath reſerued vs till nowv to taſt the fruicts and comfort of his mercy, then lett vs not refuſe vvhat he is pleaſed to preſent vs. For my part i pardon vvith all my ſoule them that ſtudied my miſcheife, and moſt freely them, vvhoſe ouer-haſty ignorance drew their ſentence on mee. Beleeue not that i retaine the leaſt grudge againſt you. If you onely hated an offendour, i vvas neuer the ſubiect of your hatred. If you haue done amiſſe, your errour is the more pardonable, for hauing bin to mee ſoe profitable. Remaine then ſatisfied, for Genouefa *liues, and your ſonne alſoe.*

Really à great ſtrenkth was requiſite in *Siſrid* for the moderation of ſoe great à joy, but that

vertue was yett more neceſſary, when he beheld his little *Benonj* bringing in to his mother, his two handfulls of rootes, and hearbes. I am not able to repreſent the contentment of his father, but muſt immitate à great Painter, who drew à vaile ouer the ſorrowes of him, that had not power to ſee his daughter ſacrifized. Fancy to yourſelfe all the joyes that à father is capable of, and be aſſured that *Sifrid* felt them euery one in this incounter. How many louing teares (thinke you) did he power vpon his child? How many tender kiſſes did he print vpon his lipps

and

and cheekes? How many cloſe embracements did he giue him? Loue is neuer à looſer in the end, and therfore you need not doubt, but he now paid him the ſumme of ſeauen yeares debts, and made good all arrerages vpon this laſt accompt.

But all this while what is become of the reſt of the hunters? *Sifrid* blew his horne, then hallowed them in, with ſuch à liuely voice, as made all the wood to Eccho: in fine three or foure knowing the call, made haſtily to the place from whẽce it ſeem'd to come. But ô my God how they did ſtare, and were aſtonisht to

find the Count in that poſture: to ſee à little infant hanging on his necke: à woman ſtanding by him: and à Hind amoung'ſt his doggs without the leaſt quarelle or diſturbance! But what amazement indeed, when they perceiued this to be the lady, whom they had ſoe much lamented.

The Palme tree being ſeperated from her male, fades and withers, ſoe as you would take it for à rotten, and dry ſtocke; but no ſooner doth shee reembrace the tree shee ſeemes to loue but her boughs, and branches recover their verdant prid, and receive ſuch new vigour, as makes them become

become fresh and young againe. In like manner our *Genouefa*, being worse then banisht from her deare mate, groanes vnder all sorts of misery's and exigents, till att last her beauty was consum'd and lost; but vpon the reuew of her deare *Sifrid*, shee recouer'd so many of her wonted charmes and features, that ressembling her yonger selfe, her seruants had no great difficulty to reacknowledge her. Indeed euery one gaue teares of joy for this vnexpected happinesse. Some were immediately sent to the Castle for à Litter, and garments: others lent all they could for cloathing of the Coun-

teſſe, and followed leiſurely after. It was not without ſome kind of trouble, that *Genouefa* left ſo pleaſing à retreat, att leaſt her words gaue shew of ſome vnwillingneſſe.

Farewell (ſaid the good Princeſſe) farewell my holy caue, that haſt ſo long conceald my ſorrowes. Farewell yea trees that haue defended mee from the Sun's ſcorching beames. Farewell louely fountaine that haſt ſoe often bin my Nectar. Farewell little birds, that haue ſoe ſweetly kept mee cõpagny. Farewell freindly beaſts that haue bin ſuch faithfull ſeruants to mee. My deare Grott, may ſt thou neuer be à Den for theeues to lurke in. Neuer may too much heate, conſume, or ſcortch thy boughs, May neuer ſerpents poiſon thoſe charitable ſtreames. May neuer li-

me-twigs

me-twiggs cozen thoſe pretty Quiriſters. May neuer Hunters preiudice thoſe harmeleſſe beaſts.

I might tell you without much fiction, that all thoſe creatures teſtified à ſorrow att her parting. The caue became ſad and gloomy: the water ſeem'd to mutter lowder, and fly away with more then wonted ſwiftneſſe: the gentle Zephires ſeem'd to pant and ſighe: the birds waited on her to the ſide of the wood, and then by clapping of their winges, and the mournfull ſownds of their dying notes they made expreſſion of their ſorrows. Her was onely the Hind that conti-

nued without reſſentment, becauſe shee followed the Counteſſe, and would neuer leaue her.

By that time thay had gon à league, the ſeruants that were ſent to the Caſtle, return'd with the whole family with them, of which not one could ſpeak à word to their holy Miſtreſſe, ſo much did their ioy tranſport them. Being hard by the howſe, two fisher-men came vp to the Palatin, and preſented him with à fish of prodigious greatneſſe; but the wonder was, when in the belly of it, they found the Ring, which *Sifrid* knew to be the ſame, which *Genouefa* had caſt into the Riuer.

This

This new miracle cauſed new admiration in the compagny, but principally in the mind of the Count, who could not anough praiſe the goodneſſe of God, for making euen dumbe Creatures to ſpeake the innocency of his deare wife. But this is not the firſt time that euer the like prodigies arriued. A King of the Samiens hauing caſt an Emmerode into the Sea, ſix dayes after was preſented with à fish, vnder whoſe tongue he found it. No body can be ignorant, of what hapned to S. Morilla after à ſeaven yeares voyage. And to draw neere vnto the time of our Coũteſſe,

teſſe, tis certaine that S. Arnault Grandfather to Charlemaigne, recouered the Ring, which he had caſt into the Riuer Moſella ſo that the ſelfe ſame riuer, hauing reſtored alſoe that of *Genouefa*, ſeemes to haue à ſence of honeſty and juſtice.

Doe you not admire att the bountifull ſweetneſſe of Heauen, that is pleas'd att laſt to manifeſt an innocency which Hatred had aſſaulted: Calomny obſcured: credulity condem'd: Miſeries afflicted: and ſolitude concealed for ſeauen yeares durance? Obſerue, if you pleaſe, the viciſſitudes of fortune, or rather the effects of Gods

Gods prouidence. Firſt looke vpon *Genouefa* attended with all delights and pleaſures of à glorious Court: but ſtay; behold her ſuddenly in priſon, and ſoone after in à fearfull deſert: and (which is worſe then all) ſee her fainting vnder the greateſt preſſures and ſufferings for à crime, of which to be ſuſpected onely, is à Martyrdom to any honorable lady. Doe you not thinke, all is now loſt? Haue à little patience; and att laſt behold her comming out of that miſt of calomny, like the Sun from à thick cloud; behold her attended like à Queene; adored like à Saint.

Well

Well what say you now? Is not God vnexpreſſibly good? Is not his juſtice infinite?

All the freinds and Kindred of *Sifrid* came without faile to his pallace, wher they found cauſe to rejoyce beyond their hope or expectation, by acknowledging the returne of their moſt vertuous Kins-woman, and vnderſtanding the meanes, which God was pleas'd to vſe for prooſe and declaration of her innocency. Each perſon gaue particular thankes to God for ſoe great a bleſſing: then ſome were buſy in ſaluting the mother, others in cherishing and kiſſing the little infant

infant. Nothing was wanting that might contribute to the perfection of à generall gladneſſe. The feaſt continued à vvhole weeke, and if any diſpleaſure happened, t'was to ſee that the Princeſſe could neither reliſh fish nor flesh For indeed all that her appetite and vertue would admitt, was hearbes and rootes ſomething better dreſſt, then they had wont to be in her miſerable ſolitude.

Some dayes hauing paſſed in theſe pleaſures and contentments, the Palatin commanded *Golo* to be brought forth. They led him into that chāber, wher the Counteſſe

telse vvas vvith the reſt of the Nobility that came to viſitt *Sifrid*. T'vvas then that all the frights of à bad conſcience ſeizd vpon this vviked man His tricks and diuiſes vvere novv vſeleſse. Hee can no vvayes denie à crime, vvhich men, fishes, and beaſts haue vvitneſsed. To hope for pardon, ſeemes to him à new ſinne: and yett the feare of torments, racks his very ſoule allready, and the conceipt of death caſts him in à ſvvoon. If the ſvveet and tender goodneſse of *Genouefa* giues him hopefull thoughts, the horrour of his offence blotts them out againe, tel-

ling

ling his fancy he hath as little Reaſon to expect mercy, as to thinke himſelfe worthy of it. Her piety bidds him hope, but his owne cruelty perſwades the contrary. The Counts freindshipp giues incouragement, but his juſt indignation giues alſoe apprehenſion. He ſearches in the hart of *Sifrid* for aſſurance of pardon, but he finds his eyes, his voice, and all his countenance to ſpeake nothing but racks and gibetts. In fine not daring to fixe his eyes vpon her, whom he had heertofore ſo barbarouſly entreated, he fell downe for feare and weakneſſe. *Sifrid* notwithſtanding

ding being in à rage, and thundering out dreadfull menaces againſt him for his infidelity, att laſt condemes him to looſe his life.

Heere did goodneſſe begin to contend with malice: Diſcretion ouercome deuiſes: Compaſſion oppoſe cruelty: Sweetneſſe to reſiſt all the reſſentmẽts of nature; and Clemency to diſpute with juſtice. In à word *Genouefa* not being able to behold à miſerable wretch without pitty, endeauours to reuoke the ſentence of death, ſpeaking to *Sifrid* in theſe tearmes.

Sir, albeit good ſucceſſe doth not
iuſtifie

iuſtifie bad intentions, yett j haue ſome cauſe to begg Golo's *life of you, in regard of the great benefitts which he hath procured me. I confeſſe that all his proceedings hauing bin vniuſt and villanous, j cannot find his pardon otherwher then in your clemency. But if you pleaſe to vvaigh the bleſſings j haue receiu'd by his meanes, j beleeve he may addreſſe himſelfe to ſome other vertue then your mercy. I doe not diſguiſe his crime, to giue him cõfidence on his ovvne behalfe; for indeed* Golo *hath offended* Genouefa, *and once laboured to rauish her life and honour from her; but vvho is to ſeeke vengeance for the crime more properly, then shee? If you ſay her iniuries, and intereſts are yours, j anſwere that you ought not then to be a little sharer in her deſires and pitty: and as ther is nothing in the vvorld, which*

j more paſsionately deſire then the life of Golo, *j ought no leſſe to expect this contentment from your goodneſſe, then he this fauour from my charity. Giue mee leaue to add to thoſe few vertues j poſſeſſe, the glory of ouercomming myſelfe in à thinge, vvhich moſt my nature ſhrinks att, namely the giuing life to him, that tooke from mee all meanes and poſsibility therof. But if you perſiſt in your deſigne to punish, j know no way more proportionable to his fault, then to giue him ouer into the hands of his ovvne conſcience, vvhich vvill furnish him vvith à thouſand tortures and be his dayly Executioner. In à vvord (my deare* Sifrid) *lett him liue and ovve his life to theſe teares; vvhich j povver forth for his calamity.*

Who would not yeild to the intreaties of ſoe faire à mouth?

Golo

Golo began to hope, and all the compagny to expect grace and mercy in his behalfe. This ſpeech could not happen ſoe vnexſpectedly to the ſtanders by, without filling them with admiration: and the wretched Offendour was ſo toutcht, that he fell downe att *Genouefas* feet, crying out.

Madame, tis now that j penetrate more cleerly then euer into the goodneſſe of your hart, and the wikedneſſe of mine owne. Alas! Who would immagine, that shee, vvhom ſoe many iuſt Reaſons doe oblidge to ſeeke my ruiue, should now deſire my ſafety! Miſerable Golo! *Ar't thou vvorthy of life, vvho didſt endeauour to ſteale away that of the holy Counteſſe? No no*

(my noble and tender hearted Miſtreſſe) lett mee die: for ſince ordinary penances and common dolours are too little for th'expreſſion of my ſinne, tis fit it be reueng'd by the rigour of ſome ignominious death. Blood is often neceſſary, when teares can giue but weake and inconſiderable ſatisfaction. Since j am vncapable of meriting my pardon, j willingly ſubmitt vnto my punishment. I made attempt againſt your honour, but the violency of my paſſion might now ſerue for my excuſe, eſpecially your curage hauing vanquisht my endeauours. I defam'd your innocency: indeed this ſinne is more black and damnable, yett tis poſſible to forgett it. I vvas not onely contented to bring your vertue into queſtion, but tried alſoe to take avvay your pretious life from you; truely this crime, which had no pretext, ought to find no mer-

cy. I know

cy. I know your compaſsion is apt a-nough to grant the fauour, but ſince j am alltogether vnworthy of it, j doe not in the leaſt meaſure wish it. All that j begg of you (my deare Miſtreſſe) now att my death is, that my crime may not liue in your remembrance, but that my blood may wash from your hart the reſentment of it.

Hauing finished this ſpeech, or to ſpeake more properly, ſigthes and ſobbs interrupting him, he powred forth ſuch à flood of teares, that one would eaſily thinke he had à deſſigne to melt away his life att the feete of his noble Princeſſe.

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frid had not leſſe indignation. Moreouer God (whoſe juſtice holds proportion with his mercy) was pleaſed in this ſtroake to giue example to all others, and to harden the hart of *Sifrid*, who beleeued hee ſtood in need of the whole treaſury of his wifes goodneſſe and pitty for his owne pardō. Heerupon the ſentence is confirm'd, and *Golo* ſent back to priſon, ther to expect à ſudden execution. *Sifrid* deſirous to punish extraordinary crimes by ſuch torments, as are not common, and ſupportable, was in paine about th'inuention of à new death. Sometimes he reſolues to pay his infidelity

infidelity by expoſing him to the rage of doggs: then conſidering that his offence began in the vnpure flames of luſt, he thought it moſt reaſonable to burne his body into ashes, by a leſſe pleaſing fire: and once he jug'd it fitt to quēch his hott and foule deſires in the next riuer. All theſe punishmēts were great, but his crime yett greater. In fine after much debate with himſelfe concerning this buiſneſſe, *Sifrid* determines to haue him die in this manner.

Ther was amoungſt the Palatins ſtock of cattle foure wild bulls, which had bin bred in the black forreſt: theſe were brought

by command, and to the tayles of each *Golo* was faſtned by hand and foote, which done, they were made to ſpring out ſeuerall wayes, and by this meanes to teare his body into ſeuerall peeces; which being ſo many infamous reliques, found their graue in the ſtomacks of crows, and rauens, by the juſt judgement of God, who was pleaſed to lett the body of this wicked man find as bad à lodging after death; as his ſoule had during life.

Behold the punishment of à man, that was onely miſerable in being too happy. Behold the vſuall fruicts of malice. Behold the

the precipices to which à wicked paſſion leads vs. Behold the rocks on which the winds of falſe proſperity compell and driue vs. Behold the games of fortune, that neuer flattereth our hopes, but to deceiue them. Take heed of her deluſions: if shee giues you ſmiles and pleaſing lookes, remember Mirmaids doe the ſame: if shee drawes you by alluring entertainments, beware, the cruell Panther doth the like: if her amourous complaints inuite you, lett the ſigthing Crocadill ſuffice for your inſtruction: if shee glitters for à time, you will find her flashes no leſſe fatall, then à Cometts.

metts. Miſerable *Golo*! how proſperous had thy condition bin, had it bin leſſe exalted! how ſecure thy life, had not too much fauour tainted it! Lett vs fall backe, j beſeech you, to the firſt ſtepp of his misfortune, and wee shall plainly ſee, it was th'vnlimited autority which hee had obtained ouer his Maiſters family: the ſecond was too great à liberty in aiming att that he ought not to deſire: the laſt was à loue without reſpect, à paſſion without modeſty. From whence proceeded à demand without honnour, à purſuit without ſucceſſe, à hatred without cauſe, à calomny without

without ground, and att laſt à punishment without mercy. On the other ſide if wee regard the innocent Counteſſe, wee shall ſee vertue obſcured, but for her greater glorie, conſtancy shaken, but for her more perfect confirmation, deuotion ſcorn'd, but for her more abundant merritt. In fine wee shall perceiue that the triumphs of vice are momentary, the confuſions of it long and durable; and shall confeſſe that God doth not onely, reſcue innocent heads from the fatall block, but crownes them in the end, with neuer fading glory.

All that were found compli-

ces

ces in *Golo's* treaſon, receiu'd chaſtizements equall to their faults; and all that had bin curteous to the forlorne *Genouefa*, mett ample recompences in her gratitude. The poore wentch that once pittied the Counteſſe, and helpt her to pen and incke, found the fauour otherwayes enrolled then in meere paper. Death hindred *Genouefa* from rewarding both them, that gaue her life, the one being deceas'd; but the other reapt her acknowledgment, and the fruicts of ſo good an action. In à word her rewards and punishments gaue content, and ſatisfaction to all that affected vertue.

Little

Little *Benonj* rellisht moſt felicity in this change of fortune, for the miſeries of ſolitude made him now taſt the pleaſures of the Caſtle with more guſt and ſweetneſſe. He had neuer bin ſo happy now, had he not once bin miſerable : yett his mind was not ſoe ſetled on delights, as not to take th'impreſſion of all thoſe excellent quallities, wherwith Nobility is vſually adorned. Allthough he was nurs'd in pouerty and want, no meane or ſordid mark appeared in his nature: allthough he was bred amoungſt wild and ſauage beaſts, he gaue no ſigne of any furious or bad

diſpoſi-

diſpoſition. The father and mother tooke ſingular contentment in their ſonnes good inclinations, ſtill bettering them by good and vertuous inſtructions. From the vnanimity and right vnderſtanding of this family, ſprung à generall peace, each ſeruant liuing in à golden age, and full of true contentment.

Ther was not one but receiu'd ſufficient reward for paſt ſorrowes: onely *Genouefa* had yett more deſert then recompence. The Earth hauing made her ſuffer all its euills, had not bleſſings anough to giue her in exchange therof. Heauen therfore (that knew

knew the price of her long patience) tooke care to giue it full and ample ſatisfaction. By this you may conceiue, j am going to ſpeake of the Death of our holy Counteſſe.

God, who no longer would enrich the world with ſuch à jewell, nor honnour it with ſuch à vertue, reſolu'd to take her to himſelfe, but would firſt giue her warning of it. One day shee being att her prayers, ther appeared to her à troupe of holy woemen and virgins, amoungſt which her diuine Miſtreſſe held the firſt rãck, the reſt like ladyes of honour waiting on her perſon. Our Saint

was rauisht att ſo great à Majeſty, and ſweetneſſe: euery one of thē ſeemed to offer her palmes, and flowers; and the moſt bleſſed Queene holding in her hand à Crowne embellisht with all māner of pretious ſtones ſeemed to ſpeake to her in this manner.

Tis time (my daughter) that you begin to taſt an eternity of pleaſures. Behold à Crowne of gold, which j haue prepared for you after that of thornes which you haue ſoe long ſuſtained. Heere, receiue it from my hand.

Genouefa well vnderſtood the meaning of this viſitt, which gaue her incredible ſatisfaction, yett would not impart the cauſe of it to *Sifrid*, leaſt her ioy might driue him

him into melancoly. But though her Prudence hidd the matter from his knowledge, yet her ſickneſſe (hauing leſſe diſcretion) within à few dayes diſcouer'd it att large. It was à gentle feauer that ſeized on our Counteſſe, and it came to expound the miſtery of her late reuelation. To deſcribe the contentment of *Genouefa* is as ſuperfluous, as it is impoſſible to repreſent the troubled ſoule of *Sifrid*.

Muſt j looſe (ſaid he) à treaſure allmoſt as ſoone as haue it in poſſeſſion? Tis true, my God, j am vnworthy of it, nor can j mutter att injuſtice in the act, ſince you

ce you onely take away what your owne pure mercy, not my meritt gaue mee. But alas! May j not rather wish to haue neuer knowne her, then be contented novv to looſe her in à moment?

Soft and faire, good *Sifrid*; tis not yett time to waile: preſerue your teares for by and by, if you intend to beſtow them on the juſteſt greefe of nature. But j forgett myſelfe, weepe weepe, powre out all your moiſture, and yett you will be preſently asham'd to giue no more to ſuch à loſſe. Little greefes can ſpeake, but great ones haue no vtterance. Hee that can expreſſe his torments, is but

eaſily

eaſily afflicted.

Alas *Genouefa* is allready dead; j ſee her ſtretcht vpon à bed without ſtrenkth or motion. Her eyes are onely now à couple of eclipſed ſtarrs. The roſes haue forſooke her mouth, and her cheekes haue loſt their wonted lillies. Ah, if it were poſſible for me to ſummon all the beauty's of the world to her bedſide, j would read them ſuch à lectu-re; Behold the Remnant of what yea cherish with ſuch paſſion. Behold the ashes of that fire which burnes the world. Behold an example which neceſſity will make yea follow. Behold à picture

which yea shall ſuddenly reſſemble. O begin by times, begin to make à ſanctified place of that vvhich othervvayes Death vvill ſoone fill with wormes, and crush into corruption. But j am deluded, *Genouefa* is not dead, onely à violent ſwoon occaſioned her ſoule to sleepe for à little ſpace. Shee is againe come to herſelfe, and they beleeue her nature (by the aide and ſuccour of ſome remedies) will be arm'd, and ſtrong anough to ouercome the ſickneſſe. Heerupon you may immagine all coſts were vnderualued, all paines embraced for her recouery. But in vaine; shee muſt depart,

depart, God will haue it ſoe, for her ſtomach would admitt no other ſuſtenance but hearbes and rootes, which onely nouriſhed her feauer, and gaue à forwardneſſe to her death. All this the bleſſed Princeſſe knew, and deſired, therfore calling her deare *Benonj*, shee gaue him her benediction, then to her deare husband, shee bad ſuch à farewell, as is capable to moue euen Tygers and Panthers to à ſad reſſentment.

My deare Sifrid *(ſaid shee) behold thy* Genouefa *now leauing this world: j haue no ſorrow but for thy teares, weepe no more, and j ſhall goe contented. If Death would giue me*

leiſure, j would make thee ſee (by the contempt that j would haue of her, that now forſakes thee) how little cauſe thou haſt to bee afflicted att thy loſſe. But ſince time calls vpon mee, and that j haue onely the liberty of three ſigthes more, j will finish in a word. Weepe no more then j deſerue, and then your teares will not be too plentifull. I cõiure thee to remember that Genouefa *goeth to Heauen to prepare à place for thee; for man and wife being but one thing, certainly God Allmighty calls mee (being the worſer haife) to draw the other part to him by my mediation. Farewell, haue à care of young* Benonj.

After this laſt and dying ſpeech, her weakneſſe onely gaue her leaue to receiue the ſacred body of her Lord and Maiſter, who no looner

ſooner entred her mouth, but her eyes were fixt on Heauen, wher her heart allready was. Then by the laſt ſigth of loue shee breath'd her pure ſoule out of her faire and ſpotleſſe body. It was the ſecond day of Aprill in the ſame yeare of her being found and reacknowledg'd, that shee found and confeſs'd the perfect meritt of her patience.

Benonj no ſooner ſaw the dead body of his mother, but he threw himſelfe vpon the bed, breaking into ſuch cry's, as perc'd the harts of all the compagny: no perſuaſion, no endeauour could drawv him thence. Alloe *Sifrid* was on

his knees houlding the hands of his deare wife, whom he watered in his teares. All the ſeruants and domeſtiks were about the bed, like ſo many ſtatues of marble, into which their ſorrowes had transfom'd them. But att laſt they began to prepare her funerall, and to bury her bleſſed corps, which was found to be adorn'd in hair-cloth able alone to conſume leſſe ſoft and tender limbes then hers were. When her coffin was lifted vp to be caried to church, the Palatin broak out into à ſtorme of lamentations. Nothing was ſeene but teares, nothing heard but ſigthes and heart-beatings.

In fine

In fine, after that *Sifrid* and his ſonne had plac'd their harts in the ſame tombe, wher *Genouefa* lay, they were perſuaded, or rather forced to retire home, leaving the bleſſed body in the church. This generall greefe was not more proper to men, then it was common to beaſts and other creatures, for the birds ſeemed to pine and languish, and when ere they ſung about the caſtle, t'was onely in ſuch bewayling tones, as teſtified à reall ſorrow.

I cannot omitt one thing which is extreamely worthy admiration. The poore Hind that had ſoe faithfully ſeru'd the Coũteſſe

teſſe during her life, expreſt no ſmall affection att her death. Opinion ſpeakes this kind of creatures to shed but one great teare att Death; but j muſt affirme then, that this Hind died aboue once att the buriall of her deare Miſtreſſe. T'was à pittifull thinge to ſee the poor beaſt follow mournfully the hearſe: more deplorable to heare her ſadly and continually bray: but moſt wonderfull to ſee that noe meanes could carry her back vnto the caſtle, but would remaine day and night att the church doare, as knowing her deare Miſtreſſe not to be farr diſtant. The ſervants

vants brought her hay and hearbes, of which shee would neuer taſt, ſuffering herſelfe in this mãner to die with hunger. Newſe heereof being brought to *Sifrid*, he lanc'd forth into new ſeas of teares, and melancholy, as if his deare wife had now died à ſecond time: and in recompence of the Hinds fidelity, he gaue cõmand to haue her engrauen in white marble, and ſett att the feet of *Genouefa*.

After all this the ſad moanes of *Sifrid* continued, nothing being able to aſsuage his miſery. T'was to noe purpoſe to tell him that Nature being now ſatisfied, he ought

ought to hearken to the voice of Reaſon. If one went about to tell him, that to bewayle her in that immoderate ſort, expreſsed not ſoe much à loue of *Genouefa*, as à hatred of himſelfe, he would anſwere that the greefe for loo-ſing ſo ſaintlike à creature, could not be commendable, vnleſse it were extreame. But this was not anough; he hũted after all occaſiõs, that could increaſe, or ẽtertaine his paſſion, his thoughts neuer being ſoe well employed as about his *Genouefa*, nor his fancy ſoe well recreated, as with her Idea. If he went to church, t'was one-ly to ſacrifize his eyes vnto her ſepul-

ſepulcher: and when he returned home, he vvould ſteale to his chãber, and ther enter talke with any thinge that was once hers.

Heere, is the bed (ſaid hee) of *Genouefa*, this her cloſett, this her lookinglaſſe. Then would he behold her glaſſe, and endeauour to find out the Countenance of his deare wife ther, calling her without intermiſſion, *Genouefa*, *Genouefa*, but *Genouefa* gaue no anſwere. From his chãber would he paſſe into à garden, which was formerly his place of recreation and diuertiſment. But alas, he miſs'd his aime; shee was not heere. Indeed he ought not to

ſeeke

ſeeke her any wher but in the garden of Eternity, and ther he cannot faile to meet her. If the ſoule of our bleſſed Saint, had bin capable of any other paſſion then joy; ſurely it had had à pitt full ſence of poore *Sifrids* greefe, and ſad lamentations. Queſtionleſſe as shee was the cauſe on't, ſoe was her loue the cure of it. For once after dinner, being in his vſuall poſture of weeping, à page came, and told him, that ther was an Hermit att the doare, who deſired shelter in his caſtle. The Count who was neuer vs'd to shutt his howſe againſt the workes of mercy, nor driue

good

good actions from his doares, was glad to meet with this occasion. He presently commanded to haue him brought vp into his chamber. O thrice happy *Sifrid*! Att the very time you open your castle vnto charity, you enter that of glory.

Whilest supper was making ready, the Palatin entertaines the holy man, whose cheefe discourse was concerning the misery's of this world, shewing that nothing but gall and bitternesse, was mingled with the pleasures of it. Though indeed the matter was sower and harsh, it relisht well with our noble Pala-

tin. Supper being ready, he plac'd the Hermitt att the vpper end of the table, whoſe modeſty could not hinder the Count from thinking his meritt claym'd the firſt Ranck. You ſee how gallant he was not to cõteme vertue, though neuer ſo meanly couered. Euery one els taking place according to his quality, and eating according as his appetite inclin'd him, the religious man obſeru'd that *Sifrid* did nothing but ſob and greeue without eating one bitt during ſupper, which made him thinke that ſigthes were his greateſt nourishment. Notwithſtanding he demandes the reaſon of thoſe

thoſe teares, which oblidg'd the Count to à dolefull repetition, to which he was willing, as being pleas'd in nothing, but the memorie of his deare *Genouefa*. After à long and lamentable relation, the Count concluded thus.

Well father, haue j not cauſe to weepe eternally? Can any one blame mee for being afflicted att ſuch à pretious loſſe? Sir (anſwered the holy man) to refuſe teares to them that once claimd ſo great an intereſt in vs, is to ſubuert the fundamentall laws of Nature, Patience forbidds muttering not moaning. You haue reaſon to reſcent your caſe;

but j beſeech you, how long is it ſince your lady died. Tis ſix monthes (replied the Palatin.) O then Sir pardon mee if j tell you that your currage is too feeble, and your mourning of too long à durance. When teares flow thither, they outrunn their bounds, and slide into exceſſe. Ah father this were true, had j ſuſtain'd à common loſſe, but hauing loſt à wife, à Saint, à *Geneuefa*, and partly by my owne offence, j cannot anough complaine of my vnhappineſſe. This conſideration (ſaid the Hermitt) this thought alone should giue à ſtopp vnto your tears, and furnish you with comfort.

fort. Permitt mee, j beſeech you, to diſcourſe à little with your greefe, and ſound the juſtice of it. You haue loſt à wife; was it poſſible for you allwayes to inioy her? You haue loſt à Saint; What right had you to keepe her then? Are you ſoe little skill'd in worldly alterations, as not toknow that man's life (being not to laſt allwayes) muſt once meet à periode? Your judgment is to good to exact à priuiledge of death that is impoſſible. On which ſide ſoe're wee caſt our eyes wee behold ſepulchres, and ashes. Soueraine Princes haue authority ouer life, but Death delights in

ouerwhelming thrones, breaking of Scepters, and confounding diademes, to the end its power may bee rendred the more emminent, by the greatneſſe of them it ruined. Whither wee be borne in purple or in raggs, whither wee be bred in Court or cottage, Death will be ſure to find vs. Life putts diſtinction in great men, but Death hath no reſpect of perſons. I paſſe in ſilence, how that many thinges may make vs looke on death as on à fauour, on life as on the ſubject of our miſeries. I inſiſt rather on ſuch Reaſons as are perticular to you, then on arguments more gene-

rall,

rall, and leſse concerning. What cauſe can mooue you to complaine, that mortall thinges muſt die? You haue nothing to obiect, but that they die too ſoone: ſoe that you deſire, it ſeemes, that Death should vſe diſcretion in its ſtroakes, and not offend you, till you giue it leaue and full commiſſion. But are you ignorant, that Death being à deſtroyer of Nature, ther is no fauour to be hoped from its cruelty, vnleſse to haue à ſpeedy end, for feare of too much languishing. If this knowledge hath entred your vnderſtanding, how comes it, that you take it ill, à woman should

not liue beyond the limitts of an easy life? But you say it is not the death onely of à woman, but à Saint that renders you afflicted, and that shee might haue liu'd to doe à number of good actions in this world, and encreased her Crowne of glory in the next. But are you sure à good beginning cannot haue à bad conclusion? Your lady was charg'd with meritts, and tis possible, shee might haue fallē vnder the weight of them. Her treasury of vertues was inestimable, might shee not then feare robbers? Shee was strong by grace, yett weake by Nature: her piety was well supported,

ported, yett t'was poſſible for ſtormes to shake it : her will was firme, and ſetled, yett capable of inconſtancy. Perhapps God (whoſe thoughts are euer actiue for his creatures good) by this meanes gaue her not time or leiſure to defile the glory of her firſt actions. Beleeue me, Sir, vice and vertue haue their ſucceeding turnes, and follow each other, like the day and night. As night forerunns the day, ſoe day doth end in darkneſſe. Yett j confeſſe the meritt of her you mourne for, could not be loſt without à prodigie, nor kept, j feare, without à miracle. I ſee no reaſon, why you

should ſoe murmer againſt God, for onely guarding that for you in his owne cuſtody, which in yours had bin (at leaſt) in poſſibility to be loſt. Doe but conſider the folly of your teares, and j aſſure myſelfe you will rather find her out, then wish her heere againe. Her example of conformity to Gods vvill, binds you ſtrictly to her imitation. Her deſire is, you should ceaſe to weepe, which shee would tell you, could you heare her. Noble Sir, vſe (j beſeech you) moderation in your greefe, which councell is giuen you by him, whoſe intereſt in your quiett, is onely ſuch as cha-

rity

rity allowes him. Seeke contentment in the ſports of hunting, in viſitts, in recreations: none of which can bring you prejudice, if practizd in ſuch à meaſure as befitts à noble perſon, to whom vertue ought to be as naturall, as it is neceſſary.

The Palatin forgott not one ſyllable of the whole diſcourſe, which gaue à better cure vnto his ſorrowes, then time itſelfe had offered. Supper was non ended, and euery one, (after ſome mutuall ceremonies, and short entertainments) retir'd himſelfe. The next day morning *Sifrid* demanding wher the good father was,

receiu'd

receiu'd anſwere from the ſeruãts, that hee walked in the garden; but going thether, no ſuch man appeared. The Count would not thinke he was quite gon, eſteeming him too worthy to committ ſuch inciuility, and too acknowledging, to be guilty of ingratitude. But the whole day paſſing without any newſe of him, *Sifrid* was ignorant on what grownd to ſettle his beleefe. That which preſented him with moſt wonder, was to find the Hermitts habitt in his chamber. But the prófitt he drew from his pious arguments, made him endure the diſcurtoiſy with leſſe impatience.

Thoſe

Thoſe bleſſed and deuout acts, which before were sharpe and bitter, ſeemed now more pleaſing, and ſupportable. Hauking and hunting tooke vp halfe his paſtimes, hoping to ouercome and catch his greefe, and the beaſts he hunted, in the ſame ſnare. O admirable goodneſſe of God, how wiſely doth it ſteere our inclinations, and turne them to our owne aduantage.

One day the Count being aduertiz'd of à ſtagg, reſolues to hunt him, and to that effect, proclaimes à meeting of many noble perſons, whom he deſired to share with him in that recreation. All

on. All being in the field immediately they rouz'd the game they ſought after. The Palatin was the firſt that ey'ed the ſtagg, whoſe flight edg'd him ſo farr into the wood, that he arriu'd att *Genouefas* caue. But hee was aſtonisht to behold the beaſt within the caue, and the doggs encompaſſing him, without the leaſt diſcontent, or motion, as if they had bin of marble, or the ſtagg in an enchanted circle. Hee ſtriues to animate them by his hollow, but when they offered to attempt, one would ſweare ſome inuiſible hand or power gaue bridles to their furie. The Palatin lights from

from his horſe, and bouldly enters that holy place: he views it well, and ther perceiues the remaining footſtepps of his moſt holy wife, which gaue him ſuch à feeling of her paſt afflictions, that he wept, and cryed out.

Ah tooke wher my poore Genouefa *did à tedious pennance for à ſinne she neuer knew. Behold the place wher innocency lay ſa long panting. Behold the grownd on which her tender body reſted. Ah wretched* Sifrid, *doſt thou ſtill ſuſpend thy juſt intention, which thou oughteſt long agoe to putt in execution?*

Whileſt the Count remain'd in this aſtonishment, the greateſt part of the Nobility came in, and

were

were alike ſtrooke att the ſame ſpectacle, proteſting th'impoſſibility of ſuch an accident without miracle. *Sifrid* would not haue this Sanctuary to bee prejuditiall to the poore beaſt, that was retired thether, but cauſing his doggs to bee coupled vp, he permitted it to leape out vndiſturbed, and in the wood to find its owne ſecurity. Allthough the hunters returned to the caſtle without their prey, yett not without à prize ineſtimable.

The Count (whoſe mind was bent vpon à buiſneſſe, which he had hetherto imparted to no creature) went after ſome few dayes

dayes from hence to *Treuers*, wher he mett S. Hidulph very much leaning to the deſſigne he meditated: which was to build in the place, wher the thrice-happy *Genouefa* had ſoe long done pẽnance, à chappell, which should ſerue as à perpetuall monument of Gods mercyes. The worke went forward, and à Chapell was erected in ſuch magnificence, as teſtified ſufficiently th'affection of à husband, that was paſſionate, and the liberality of à Prince that was not couetous. It carried the name of our Ladies of Mercy, by th'impoſition of the Archbishop in the conſecration. And

the reaſon of this name is, becauſe the bleſſed virgin was not onely the Buckler and defendreſſe of *Genouefa*, but had beſtowed infinite mercyes, and fauours on her, whil'ſt shee remained in this holy place of ſolitude. The Palatin, judging that this Chapell might ſerue as à conuenient retreat for them that fly creatures, to addict themſelues wholly to the Creatour cauſed likewayes two or three hermitages to be framed, which had alſoe the honour of S. Hidulphs benediction, who left not our Ladies of Mercy, till he had placed the miraculous Croſſe (which *Genouefa* receiued from the

the hand of Angells) on the high Alter. A while after the reliques of the bleſſed Counteſſe were tranſported thither. This action was ratified and approoued of by Heauen, which permitted that the ſeruice of ten or twelue Oxen (alltogether little anough for the carriages) was ſupplied by one couple of horſes. But that which rendred this remooue miraculous indeed, was the veneration it receiu'd from Creatures incapable of ſuch deuotion. For the higheſt trees humbled their topps in reuerence to the body, which came to ſanctify them with its preſence. The birds ſung

their cheifeſt leſſons, clapping their wings in ſuch viſible ſignes of joy, that ignorance itſelfe could hardly doubt therof.

This holy pledge being committed to the place aſſign'd, and our Palatin being left all alone in the chapell, our Sauiour looſening his right hand from the Croſſe, gaue him his benediction. Who ſees not now to what proſperity our afflictions lead vs, and that God is pleaſed oftentimes to ſend vs miſery, and ſorrowes, to the end he may att laſt render our taſt of happineſſe the ſweeter. The ceremonies of the conſecration being ended, euery one returned

returned to his home : but the Count hauing his treaſure in that holy place, it is no wonder, if he left his hart behind him. All his thoughts had no other grownd to pitch on, his deſires no other Object ; if he could ſteale from his Attendants, all his viſitts ended heere. In concluſion knowing by th' experience of ſome monthes, that à man can haue no quiett, wher he wants contẽtment, nor liue with à body that wants à Hart, he call'd his brother with little *Benonj* into his cloſett, to whom hee expreſſed his intentions in theſe wordes.

My deare brother, ſome Monthes

haue paſſed, ſince you might diſcerne by the change of my employments, that of my deſires: but ſince j muſt of neceſſity diſcouer my deſigne to ſome body, j know none, to whom j may, better doe it, then yourſelfe, being oblidg'd heerto as well by reaſon, as my owne inclination. If j did not eſteeme you à fitt man to be the Executour of my laſt Will and teſtament, you should yett be ignorant of my purpoſes. But ſince you haue bin à sharer in my troubles with all the loue, and tenderneſſe which j could expect att the hands of à deare brother, j hope you will not onely now participate in my joyes, but contribute all your power to the furtherance of them. I am reſolu'd to leaue you the tutelage of my ſonne, who ought to hope no leſſe from your affection, then from that of an indulgent father; and he muſt acknowledge, and reſpect you in

the

the quallity of one, ſince my intention is to giue the remnant of my life to Gods ſeruiſe, in the ſame place, vvher all our family receiu'd ſuch bleſſings. Doe not ſay my complexion is too delicate, becauſe my answere is att hand in th'example of my deare Genouefa. *Obiect not the neceſſity of my aſſiſtance to* Benonj, *becauſe he hath an vncle, from vvhom he muſt expect protection. In à vvord this is my ſetled vvill, this is my firme intention, nor ſhall one day, retard the execution of it. Behold, my deare brother, heere are the papers that vvill giue you knovvledge, and aduiſe in my affaires.*

Heere Nature could not reſtraine her teares, yett dar'd not to oppoſe ſoe holy à deſſigne. Yong *Benonj* was toucht alſoe and therfore breakes out into

theſe tearmes.

Sir, j am too young to blame your councells, yett old anough to followv your example. You leaue mee à little Earth, that Heauen may be your purchace: but vvere j not extreamely ignorant and foolish to accept your offer, vvhen the choiſe that you haue made is alſoe in my powver? Noe noe Sir, j vvill not breath, but in your compagny. The nouishipp j once paſs'd in ſolitude, hath giuen mee too ſvveet an experience of its happineſſe, to hinder mee from your preſent immitatiõ. If your intention be to liue ther, mine is neuer to die in any other place. My deare vncle, enioy freely the poſſeſſions of our family and fortune: I leaue them you as frankly, as j doe thanke you heartily for the care you vvere ready, and vvilling to take of mee.

This reſolution of *Benonj*, was more

more then *Sifrid*, expected, not more then hee desired. Behold him now preparing à little Hermitts habitt for his sonne (being allready prouided for himselfe) and leauing the whole world for the compagny of his deare wife. They presently arriu'd att the holy caue, wher all the beasts, that were once familiar with *Benonj*, came to renew their old acquaintance.

O glorious soule, ô incomparable *Genouefa*, if you can regard, and spare an eye for earthly thinges, looke downe vpon this holy caue, wher you once tasted soe many spirituall delights, and

ther you shall behold your *Sifrid*, and the deare child of your afflictions. Without doubt their change of habitt hath not alter'd your affection. On the contrary their preſent ſtate reſſembling yours, muſt needs be pleaſing, and encreaſe your paſſion towards them. But why doe j diſcourſe? They haue allready found it by effect; for you haue not ſuffered one clapp of thunder, not one deſtroying tempeſt to offend their heades; ſuch is their content, ſoe ſmooth is their tranquillity. Tis in you wee muſt now place our ſafety, tis your protection wee muſt truſt to, ſince you are fraught with

with goodneſſe. You muſt alſoe be our patterne ſince you are plentifull of meritt.

Wee are now (my deare Reader) att the end of à ſtorie, which cleerly manifeſts the Providence of God, putts innocency out of feare to be oppreſs'd, and perhapps giues it deſire to be calomniated, ſince its perſecutiõs are waited on by ſoe much meritt, and its meritt by ſuch glory. If the diſcourſe be plauſible, j ſeeke noe other recompence, then the fauour of our great Saint. If ther be nothing worthy commendation, j shall willingly vndergoe, for punishment of my errours, the cenſure

censure of all them, that shall pleaſe to honnour mee by reading this little worke.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 OCT 20

Qui legitimè certauerit, coronabitur.